

*The
Crack
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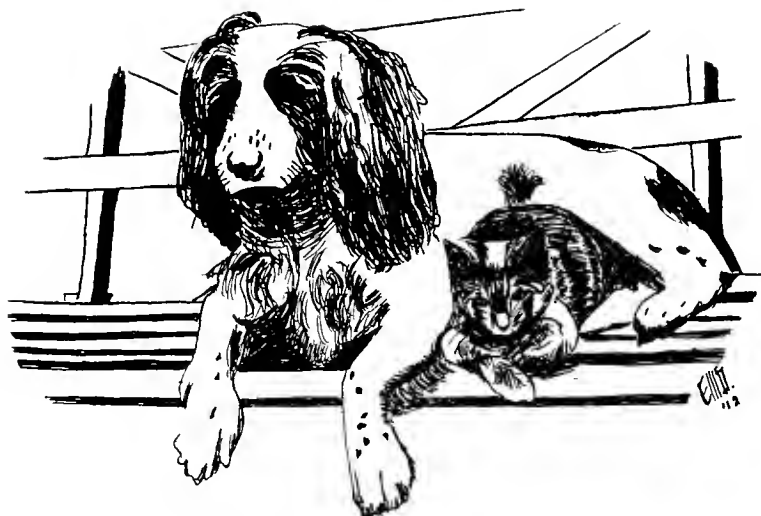
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Two Lifelong Friends

**North Alabama Conference
Athens College**



COLLEGIATE FACULTY









Faculty

MARY NORMAN MOORE, *President*.
PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY AND BIBLE.

MARY COWPER PITTMAN,

A.B., University of Alabama, 1905; A.M., University of Alabama, 1906; Instructor in Science, University of Alabama, 1905-06; Assistant Principal of Fort Gaines High School, Fort Gaines, Ga., 1906-07; Professor of Latin and Greek, Athens College, 1907-08; Presiding Teacher and Professor of English, Athens College, 1908-10; Dean and Professor of Science, 1910-11; Dean and Professor of Science and English, 1911-12.

CHARLOTTE F. McLEAN,

A.B., Byrn-Mawr College, 1899; A.M., University of Pennsylvania, 1901; Ph.D., University of Pennsylvania, 1907; Graduate Student University of Pennsylvania 1899-01; Head of German Department in High School, Norristown, Pennsylvania, 1902; Head of the College Preparatory Department and of the Ancient and Modern Language Work, Linden Hall Seminary, Lititz, Pennsylvania, 1903-05; Head of the Collegiate Department and of the Language Department, 1906-07; Graduate Student Byrn-Mawr College, 1906-07; Head of Department of Greek and History in High School, Sewickly, Pennsylvania, 1907-08; Head of English Department in High School, Birmingham, Pennsylvania, 1908-09; Professor of French and Greek, Alberta Lea College, Minnesota, 1906-10; Professor of English and Greek, Blackburn College, Carlinville, Ill., 1910-11; Professor of French and German, Athens College, Athens, Alabama, 1911-12.

BERTHA FLEMING,

A.B., Davidson College, Davidson, N. C.; Randolph-Macon College, Lynchburg, Va.; Professor of Latin and French, Statesville College, Statesville, N. C.; Professor of Latin and Greek, Athens College, Athens, Ala.

CAROLYN H. HOEFER,

A.B., University of Wisconsin, 1910; Professor of Mathematics, Athens College, 1910-12.

HAZEL F. JENNINGS,

Graduated in 1908 and post-graduate from 1909 Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass.; Pupil of Clayton D. Gilbert, and of Agnes Knox Black, Instructor in Oratory and English, Athens College, 1911-12.

JULIA M. JACKSON,

Professor of History, and Presiding Teacher, Athens College, 1909-10; Professor of History, Presiding Teacher, and Assistant Registrar, 1910-12.

PEARLE SAWYER,

A.B., Athens College, 1910; Instructor in Latin, Athens Academy, 1910-11; Principal of Athens Academy, 1911-12.

EDITH HARDING,

Graduate of Thomas Training School, Detroit, Mich., 1909; Instructor of Domestic Science and Art, Athens College, 1909-11; Presiding Teacher, 1910-12.

JESSYE F. BRANSCOMB,

Certificate in English, Athens College, 1909; Secretary to the President, and Instructor in History, 1909-10; Registrar and Instructor in Stenography, Typewriting and History, 1910-12.

GEORGIA MOORE,

Instructor in English, Athens Academy, 1909-12.

KATHERINE L. McCANDLESS,

Student of Imperial Conservatory of Music, Vienna, 1885; Private Student of Anton Dorr, Vienna; Instructor of Piano, Fairmont College, 1886; Belmont College, 1887-1904; Student of Theodor Leschetizky, Germany, 1904-10; Director of Music, Athens College, 1911-12.

EDITH A. CONLEY,

Graduate Illinois Woman's College, Jacksonville, Ill.; Pupil of Prof. Zabel, Terre Haute, Ind.; Pupil of Prof. Charles E. Sendlinger, Chicago; Instructor in Piano, Athens College, 1911-12.

NELLE SMITH,

Graduate of Illinois College of Music; Instructor in Piano and Violin, Athens College, 1910-12.

LOUISE E. MOORE,

Huntsville College; Private Student of B. A. Black, Dr. J. Lewis Browne and Mr. Adolph Dahm-Peterson; Instructor in Voice, Athens College, 1910-12.

JULIANA SPAULDING,

Graduate New England Conservatory, Boston, Mass.; Pupil of Charles Dennee, Instructor in Piano, Grenada College, Grenada, Miss., 1908-10; Instructor in Piano, Athens College, Athens, Ala., 1912.

M. FRANCES WILLIAMS,

Marion Seminary; Normal Diploma, New York School of Decorative and Applied Art; Special Student of Robert Heure in Holland and Belgium, and of Douglas J. Connah, in Switzerland, France, and Italy; Instructor in Pennsylvania Chatauqua; Student of William Chase and Louis Mora; Instructor in Art, Athens College, 1908-12.

MRS. L. A. VANDIVER,

HOUSEKEEPER, 1908-'12.

MRS. LUCY A. TAYLOR,

Guy's Hospital, London, England; Missionary to Turkey; Superintendent of Infirmary, 1908-09, 1910-12.

MRS. W. B. MURRAH,

MATRON, 1907-'12.

DR. WILLIAM J. HAGEN,

PHYSICIAN.

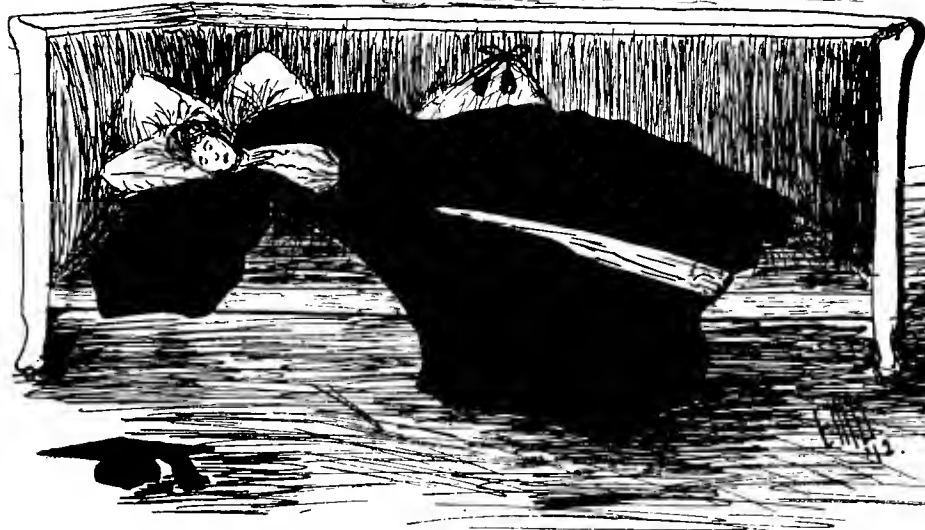
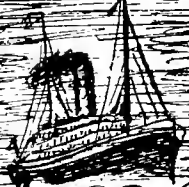
1st year



2nd year



3rd year



Senior Class Officers

COLORS: Crimson and White.

FLOWER: Carnation.

MOTTO: Non indis sed remis.

ANNA DINSMORE	<i>President</i>
MARY PERSINGER	<i>Vice President</i>
SADIE STURDIVANT	<i>Treasurer</i>
MAGGIE GRIFFITH	<i>Secretary</i>
MARY KEY	<i>Poet</i>
KATHOUSE WALSTON	<i>Historian</i>
PEARL MARLOWE	<i>Prophet</i>
ANNIE BUCHANAN	<i>Giftorian</i>
EUNICE McDONNALD	<i>Statistician</i>



ANNIE McCULLY BUCHANAN, A.B.,
RIVERTON, ALA.

"Promptings unto kindest deeds were in her very looks."

Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.; A. K. H.; L. B. A.; A. A. A.; N. O. T.; A. R. T.; Tennis Club; Art Club; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '11; Secretary Y. W. C. A., '12; Vice President G. E. L. S.; President Art Club; Giftorian Class '12; Business Manager Athenian, '10 '11; Business Manager Oracle, '12.

To Whom It May Concern:—Annie "Buck" takes lessons in cooking and sewing, and is proficient in both; she is greatly interested in china painting, and really has some beautiful pieces. She has an amiable and loving disposition, and is very economical in her expenditures. In fact, she is noted for her business ability. We take pleasure in recommending her to any interested person, and feel sure that she will capably fill any position.



ANNA VIRGINIA DINSMORE, A.B.,
FALKVILLE, ALA.

"As merry as the day is long."

Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.; A. K. H.; L. B. A.; A. A. A.; N. O. T.; A. R. T.; Tennis Club; Jolly Bachelors; T. B.; Happy Half dozen; Doo Dollies; Class Basketball, '12; Athenian Staff, '11; Oracle Board, 1909-10; Secretary G. E. L. S.; President Class '12; Certificate in Music, '11; Diploma in Music, '12.

Anna hails from the little town of Falkville, which may be found on the map by the aid of the microscope. Her aesthetic sentiments are highly developed, for she plays wonderfully, and is a great lover of nature, especially the scenery of the Garden of the Gods. We fear, however, that in striving after these things, she has failed to cultivate the domestic side of her nature. Cooking is a bore to her, and sewing is——. But her ready good humor and optimistic nature make all love her.





MARGARET ERA GRIFFITH, A.B., '12.
BOKE'S BLUFF, ALA.

*"The smiles that warm, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent.
A mind at peace with all below."*

Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.; A. K. H.; L. B. A.; N. O. T.; A. R. T.; Tennis Club; A. A. A.; Class Basketball, '12; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '10, '12; Treasurer of Y. W. C. A., '11, '12; Treasurer of G. E. L. S.; Librarian, '12; Class Medal, '09.

"To know her is to love her." Maggie is an all-round girl. She can be depended upon on all occasions. She is ready to meet any emergency, and always lends a helping hand to those in trouble. We understand that she has lately been interested in architecture, and we have recently discovered her reading the works of Josephus.



MARY CLARE KEY, A.B., '12.
RUSSELLVILLE, ALA.

*"It's good to be merry and wise,
It's good to be honest and true."*

Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; A. K. H.; K. O. S.; N. O. T.; A. R. T.; Tennis Club; Skeeters; T. B.; Doo Dollies; Happy Half Dozen; Class Basketball, '08-'12; Varsity, '12; A. A. A.; President A. A. A.; Class Poet, '12; Certificate in Music, '12; Oracle Board, '10-'12.

Mary runs headforemost into athletics and topples backwards into cases. She says she will make a most charming wife, as she cooks, sews, and has a great heart overflowing with love. She is just the jolliest girl going, and is the most popular girl in school. Although she is always ready for "stunts," she has great capacity for hard work, and shines on all occasions.





PEARL ELEANOR MARLOWE, A.B., '12.
ONEONTA, ALA.

"That calm possession of herself."

Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.; A. K. II.; A. A. A.; Tennis Club;
N. O. T.; A. R. T.; Athenian Staff, '10; Editor-in-Chief
Athenian, '11; Oracle Board, '12; Certificate in Music, '12;
Class Prophet, '12.

Behold a wonder! The only quiet girl in Brown Hall.
But we are not surprised, for her time is fully occupied with
letter writing. We think that the fact that her themes are
always the best is partly due to the practice gained on those
wonderful epistles. Pearl is quite a linguist. She excels in
both ancient and modern languages, as well as in her mother
tongue. Let us not omit the fact that she gave a piano re-
cital without once getting excited.



EUNICE BETHSAIDA McDONNALD, A.B.,
WOODSTOCK, ALA.

*"If she will, she will, and you may depend on it;
If she wont, she wont, and that's an end on it."*

Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.; A. K. II.; N. O. T.; A. R. T.;
Tennis Club; A. A. A.; Mufflers; President G. E. L. S., '12;
Statistician Class '12; Editor-in-Chief Athenian, '12; Athenian,
Staff, '11; Blass Basketball; Certificate in Art, '12; Oracle
Board, '12.

Behold the suffragist! She not only believes in woman's
rights, but she makes others believe in it. She is bound for
New York, where she hopes to win her fame as an artist.
As a side issue she intends to write books. She already has
in her head the plots for a half dozen novels, several short
stories, and four lectures. We predict for her great success.





MARY BOYD PERSINGER, A.B.,
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

*"Who to herself is law no law doth need,
Offends no law, and is a queen indeed."*

Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.; A. K. H.; L. B. A.; A. A. A.; N. O. T.; A. R. T.; Tennis Club; Dramatic Club; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '09-'12; President Y. W. C. A., '12; Class Basketball, '09-'11; Oracle Board, '10, '11; Vice President Class '12; Certificate Oratory, '11; Diploma Oratory, '12.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever," is a familiar quotation. But Mary P., as President of the Y. W. C. A. has proved herself both good and clever. She stars in oratory, and has many dreams of Boston. The only fault that we have to find with her is her aversion to cats and pictures of cats.



SADIE LOUISE STURDIVANT, A.B.,
BESSEMER, ALA.

*"Daughter of the Gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair."*

Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; A. K. H.; L. B. A.; A. A. A.; Jolly Bachelors; Skeeters; T. B.; Happy Half Dozen; Doo Doo-lies; Tennis Club; A. R. T.; N. O. T.; Class Basketball, '08-'12; Class Treasurer, '11, '12; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '09-'12; President J. C. L. S., '11, '12.

Miss Sadie is our society belle. She is a "shark" at entertaining. At Y. W. C. A. receptions, club entertainments, and all other social affairs, she is indispensable. We are sure that some day we will have cause to be proud of her as a journalist. She has made great progress with her many short stories and her clever songs, one of which is the famous ditty, entitled, "The Family."





KATHARINE LOUISE WALSTON, A.B.,
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

"She is a perfect knowledge box; an Oracle to great and small."

Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; A. K. II.; K. O. S.; A. A. A.; N. O. T.; A. R. T.; Tennis Club; Art Club; Class Basketball, '10, '11, '12; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '12; Secretary Art Club, '12; Historian Class '11, '12; Editor-in-Chief Oracle, '12.

Stop, look, and listen! Kathouse is our most charming, blushing young maid whenever pictures are mentioned. She is not only smart, but wonderfully brilliant. She is a first-rate cook, an imitation Parisian seamstress, and has an excellent disposition. Therefore, I admonish all "folks" to look hitherward.



Welcome Address

CLASS DAY EXERCISES, MARCH 5, 1912.

It is with hearts mingled with joy and sorrow that we welcome you today. Joy, because we have at last reached the long-looked-for time when we should wear the cap and gown and be called "Seniors." Sad, because we realize more forcibly the fact that only a few more months are left to us before we leave these walls which we love so dearly.

I am sure you will agree with me when I say "College days are not all sunshine." This is impossible. But although disappointments and hardships have been ours, we have always been able to look through the dark clouds and to catch gleams of sunshine on the other side. And we realize that it is by surmounting the hardships of college life that we prepare ourselves for the problems which we must confront in the years to come.

At times when the seeking of pleasure seemed to us the only aim of life, we fain would have given up our tasks for the so-called, "Good-times," had it not been for our motto, "Non undis sed Remis," which seemed to admonish us to continue our pursuit of knowledge. And indeed it has been by means of oars, and not by means of waves, that today we are nearing the goal.

We can only wish for you, our schoolmates, the happiness which has been ours during our stay in Athens College. We wish to express to you, our instructors, our gratitude for the patience with which you have labored with us for these four years, and it is our hope that in the years to come, you may be as great an inspiration to other classes as you have been to us.

Before leaving our Alma Mater, we are glad of the opportunity to express publicly our appreciation of our beloved President. Her counsel and words of encouragement have guided us in conquering the hindrances along our way, and her influence, which has led us thus far, shall shine as a beacon light throughout life's journey.

CLASS PRESIDENT.

Song, 1912

The sun with glowing crimson
Has tinged the sky's dull gray;
The glory of the sunset
Uplifts our hearts today;
While here beneath our colors,
With hearts forever bold
We girls are struggling onward,
Struggling onward to the goal.

Before each term's exams,
When our bad grades were made,
Before our greatest hardships
Our colors never fade.
Though teachers hard and cruel
Make the Red and White to fear,
Our song, still strong and clear, girls,
Will ring out full of cheer.

On the days that are before us,
We will gather as of yore,
And raise, in swelling chorus,
The grand old cheer once more.
And when the battle's over,
Then we with all our might
Once again will raise our colors,
Victory crowns the Red and White.

CHORUS.

We are glad to belong to class twelve,
And with hearts both gay and light,
We will proudly raise our joyous song,
And we're wearing the Red and White.
Though the odds may be great against us,
Full of sturdy courage we;
And we'll raise a song of victory,
Four our dear old A. C.

History



T was a glorious day. The call of the outdoor world was irresistible. Bright and merry girls skipped over the campus. But how could I be care free? Class history was to be written, and such a short time before Class Day! Now the trouble with me was not that I had nothing to write, but that I must select only a few of the deeds of our illustrious class. Strolling along in deep thought, I came upon a strange rock with a letter attached. At first it seemed to be written in some unknown language, but finally I discovered that it was only a peculiar script. And what do you suppose it was? Nothing less than a letter from the Man in the Moon, and written about the Senior class, too! Imagine my surprise and delight at finding such a treasure, and the joy with which my classmates received it. Now, since anything such an illustrious personage might say about our class would be far more interesting than a prosaic history, I am going to read you this letter:

THE MOON.

DEAR EARTHBEINGS:

Perhaps you will be surprised to receive this letter, and wonder how I came to have particular information about your college. You didn't know that the Moon had his eyes on you, did you? Now of course all know that old story of the cow who jumped over the moon, but few are acquainted with the fact that she came from Athens, and belonged to the college dairy. We became fast friends in that short time, and ever since I have been particularly fond of my friend's home. I have grown to love the old college, and have watched it in its varying vicissitudes. When eight years ago your honored President began her reign, I felt that great things were going to happen, that wonderful work was to be done. I have not been disappointed.

The new classes each year were always interesting, but when in the fall of 1908 Class '12 entered the historic old walls, I knew that there was a class which would faithfully perform its duties; a class which could be depended upon no matter what happened; a class that would do honor to any college. Nor was I mistaken in this either.

You may wonder how a person who rules only by night can know so much of the life of a people. But although my face is pale, when the great sun is in the heavens, my eyes are not dimmed. But really it is by night that I see most. Need I say that the moon shines upon the midnight feaster as well as upon the student in her room? But I am not telling tales.

As I was saying, I watched the Class of '12 with great interest during that first year. Everything went on smoothly, though I remember no especially great deed.

The next year I was convinced that this was an all-round class. They took a great interest in athletics. I

watched their games in basketball, and rejoiced in their victories. I noticed that their many and amusing pranks did not prevent their names from heading the honor roll.

The following year I was delighted to see that they were allowed to wander at their will without those great earth beings who had previously accompanied them. I think that must have been a glorious year with them, they took such delight in their studies, and seemed to enjoy their long rambles so much.

Now, I know you are wondering why I am writing all this to you, and why I am telling you things you know better than I. But I have long wished to express my appreciation of Class '12 to the world, and have not been able to secure a messenger. However, I found out a short time ago that Skygack was contemplating a visit to Athens and would be my letter carrier.

There are many strange things about the earth, many wonderful things which I have long desired to know, and I doubt not that you could ask numerous questions about my kingdom. For many years I have been looking for someone whom I thought capable to answer my questions, and often I have almost despaired. But during these years I have been convinced that the class of '12 is fully capable of such an undertaking. This Senior year has assured me of this fact. Their calm dignity and self-possession, their scientific knowledge and practical wisdom please me greatly.

If it should happen that a student of Athens College should find this letter, I hope she will deliver it to the Senior class. And if it should chance that one of this class should discover the letter, I hope they will endeavor to answer it! If they will only "hitch their wagon to a star" I may be able soon to converse with them at will.

To this class I would say that the past few years have been very gratifying to me, but that I am expecting much greater things in the years to come. As I have watched over them during their life in college, so will I continue to shine upon them wherever their lots may be cast, and I hope that the lessons learned at Athens will be of lasting benefit, that the friendships formed there will be unbroken, and that the ideals by which they have been inspired will be realized as they go on building more stately mansions.

Your ever watchful friend,

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

HISTORIAN '12.

Poem

'Twas the nineteenth century, and with a stern nod,
To his council hall, Jove summoned each god.
The work of creation had been done with care,
But he felt there was something still lacking there.
Quoth he: "On the earth there should be placed
Nine muses whose memory will ne'er be effaced;
Who possess Love, Beauty and Wisdom profound.
Where, can you tell, may these Muses be found?"

The gods searched the earth both far and near,
And in 1908, on a day most drear,
They saw Athens College grow bright and gay,
For there came nine girls in proud array;
And all the world shouted with glee,
For they were a wonderful sight to see.
The gods cried out: "Now things will hum,
For the class of 1912 has come."

Jupiter smiled down upon this class
Which Minerva, in wisdom did not surpass;
Juno was not more free from care,
Nor even Venus was not more fair.
"At last," cried the gods, "the Muses are found,
And the world will be startled by their renown."
So, the Muses found, Jove from his high seat
Pronounced the creation quite complete.

CLASS POET '12.

Gifts

One of my class has welcomed you here,
Another to you the future has told,
While one has spoken of the past so dear,
You will also hear of our traits of old.
So it has fallen to my lot to find
For each girl of our illustrious class
Some gift that will always bring to mind
Her schooldays as the years may pass.

'Tis said that women like to rule.
And here it seems indeed 'tis true.
In literary society she works
And fusses 'till she's black and blue
To see that none their duty shirk.
And now to help her do her part
This power I give with all my heart—
To Eunice.

There is a member of our class,
Unusually eager for good looks;
And while she is a studious lass,
She loves her curls much better than her
books.
Since nature placed no waves in her hair,
And to me this instrument belongs,
To free her from such toilsome care,
I give to Sadie these curling tongs.

On Tuesday afternoons we hear
The wailing strains of a well known song,
When her teacher's voice rings out so clear:
"Oh! my dear you've stitched this wrong."
Because on Anna this sad task lies,
Of ripping whatsoever she sews.
May this ripping machine relieve her sighs,
And lift the burden of her woes.

Ambition is the crown of life,
It crowns the head of this fair one.
Since she wishes more of college strife,
Her dreams of Boston have begun.
To prove she's gifted in oratory,
And that her head is the center of right;
That she was never known to tell a story
This letter of recommendation I write—
For Mary.

She who of teachers has no fear,
But has a full supply of "spunk"
Among them walks from day to day,
And with her tongue expresses "junk."
In case that she may lose some day
This art of speaking what she thinks,
Caught off her guard, have naught to say,
May this shining brass form the missing link
For Maggie.

There's one who worries from morn till night
About her duties to discharge:
Collecting poems with all her might
The college Annual to enlarge.
That she no more will need to sigh,
Less time consume in cogitation,
Disturb not her neighbors with her cry,
I give this box of inspiration—
To Kathouise.

There is a girl so full of mirth,
It is not strange she has her fun
With all the girls upon the earth,
And no amusement does she shun.
With some girls does she specialize,
Although they sometimes are contrary,
And less they should not idealize
I give a permanent case to Mary.

In chemistry I have found out,
A substance which is kept in glass
Will make one laugh there is no doubt.
This compound we call laughing gas.
There is a saying, "Laugh and grow fat."
That she may be a big fat girl,
She needs to get a laugh down "pat,"
This laughing gas I give to Pearl.

GIFTORIAN '12

A Toast

So here's to the class of 1912,
Whose school work here is almost done,
And may they stand firm in the fight
While the sands of time shall run.

Prophecy



H! I never will get it written. Why didn't they make someone else class prophet, anyway? Oh! I wish the gods would endow me with the gift of prophecy. I just can't, I can't—"

"Can't do what," piped a queer little voice near me. I looked about me, and there on my psychology, which I was pretending to study, stood the funniest little fellow who looked as if he might be made of brown gingerbread. "For mercy's sake, who are you?" I asked. "I'm a brownie," he answered in the same strange voice. "A brownie? Why I thought brownies only existed in fairy stories. But what are you doing here?" "I'm one of a number of creatures who preside over the destiny of those who live in Brown Hall. Haven't you learned of some of the wonderful things that have been performed by me and my companions who reside in the walls of this wonderful building?" "Oh, I remember now how mysteriously some of the rooms in Brown Hall used to get cleaned up. I suppose you did it?" "Yes, and I am here now to help you." "Oh, if you only would," I cried. "All right; tell me all about it and I'll see what can be done," he answered.

I then told him how my classmates had made me class prophet, and that I could not write a prophecy because I had no idea where to begin. When I had finished, he said, "I think I can help you. Just wait here a moment."

Soon he returned bearing a helmet several times as large as he. "This," he said, "is Pluto's helmet. By means of it the wearer is made invisible. Pluto has gladly consented to lend it to you, and Mercury has promised his winged sandals also. Wait until I get them." He soon returned with the sandals, and after I had put them on, he said, "Now we are ready for our journey." "What journey?" I asked. "Why our trip fifteen years into the future," was the answer.

"All right, I'm ready," I replied, and we promptly set forth.

Over fields, hills and towns we flew until the largest city I had ever seen lay below us. "Where are we?" I asked of my little companion. "We are now over New York. Follow me and do as I do. I did so, and soon stood on a crowded thoroughfare of the great city. Great throngs of people were going into a tall building near by. We followed them and soon found ourselves in a large court room filled with people. "The famous Rocky-bilt murder trial is in progress," my companion whispered to me. Just then a lawyer stepped forward to make the plea for the defendant. As she spoke I seemed to remember having seen that face and heard that voice somewhere before. Where could it have been? Then suddenly I knew that she was my old classmate, Mary Key. I always knew Mary would make a great lawyer or something of the kind when I listened to those speeches she used

to make in Brown Hall. I longed to go up and speak to her, but Brownie said I must not, so we hurriedly left the building.

We then made our way through dense crowds of people until we came to a narrow street lined on both sides with tall buildings. "This is Wall Street," said my companion. Just then I looked up and saw the sign, "A. M. Buchanan, Financier," on a window far above me. "A. M. Buchanan," why that must be Annie Buck. Please let's see if it is." So my little guide and I flew up to the window and looked in. And there, sure enough, dictating to a stenographer was our own Annie Buck. "Annie," I cried, starting toward her, but remembering that she could not see me, I hastily took my departure, followed by "Brownie." Well, I suppose her experience with The Athenian and The Oracle is responsible for this. Annie always did come out several dollars ahead in everything that she undertook.

"Come on," said my companion, "we have much more to do yet and very little time in which to do it." Soon we were moving over the Atlantic. I wanted to look down, but we were flying so rapidly that I could hardly get my breath, and I was afraid my sandals would drop off and I would land on the bottom of the ocean if I stopped. So I consumed the time in thinking of my old classmates and wondering where they were. Soon an airship came into view, and as we passed by it I caught a glimpse of a face I had not forgotten. It was that of Sadie Sturdivant, tall, lean, lanky Sadie. After visiting all the cities of America and breaking the heart of every man she met, she was now on her way to Europe to win for herself a duke or a lord, I suppose.

England and France were passed over unnoticed, and we soon found ourselves in one of the crowded streets of Berlin. Here I received the greatest surprise of all. On a street corner, surrounded by great crowds of women, stood Maggie Griffith, making a speech on "Woman's Rights." Well, I always knew Maggie was deeply interested in woman's suffrage, but I didn't think it would ever come to this. "Why, she's President of the Woman's Suffrage League of America," I heard someone near me say. Well, I'm sure if everyone were as much interested in woman's suffrage as I gathered that Maggie was from the speech I heard, we wouldn't have much trouble getting our rights.

What would happen next I could not imagine, and so absorbed was I in thinking of what I had already seen, that I paid no attention to the countries over which we were passing, and I was somewhat startled when I found myself alighting in the heart of Korea. Before me stood a beautiful granite building above the door of which were engraved the words, "Persinger Hospital." I wondered if that could be Mary P. I always thought she would make either a good missionary or— an actress. While I stood there thinking about it, Mary P. herself came out of the door and down the steps. In her hand she carried a medicine case, and I knew that it was she who was at the head of this great institution.

"Already," Brownie said to me: "The time the gods have allowed me to help you will soon be up and we must hasten back to the United States."

Almost before I knew it, we had crossed the Pacific and were in Idaho, the State of beautiful views. We stopped at a spring, and while we were standing there a big touring car came up and stopped near us. Out of the car stepped a handsome middle-aged man, who took great pains in lifting out the lady who accompanied him. It was quite easy to see that they were newly married. And when the woman lifted her veil to drink of the water at the spring, whose face should I see but Anna Dinsmore's, or at least the face of the Anna Dinsmore that was, for her name was no longer Dinsmore, and she and her husband were spending their honeymoon touring "Scenic Idaho."

It was only the work of a few moments to go from Idaho into Montana. Here another surprise awaited me. My companion guided me to a little log schoolhouse on the outskirts of a mining town. In the door of the schoolhouse stood a little woman with hair drawn tightly back from her face and spectacles on the nose. In her hand she held a large stick, and I knew she must make life very hard for her pupils. It took a second glance to recognize my old friend, Eunice McDonnald. "She is teaching in order to go to New York and study art," my guide whispered. "Well, if she hasn't been to New York yet, I'm afraid she won't ever get there."

"Well, I've seen all of my old classmates but Kathouise, I wonder where she can be," I said to my companion, as we took our leave. "We have only ten minutes left so we will not have time to see her, but I will tell you about her," was the answer I received. He then told me that she was a student in the University of Chicago, and that she would take her Ph.D. from that institution in a few months. I always knew Kathonise would do something really great, but I do wish I could have seen her.

Ten minutes later found us soaring over southern Illinois, where my companion suddenly dropped down into a lonely graveyard, while I, of course, followed. "What are we doing here?" I asked, when we were safely on the ground. "Wait and you shall see," he replied. "Why I've already seen all of my classmates and—— then it suddenly dawned upon me what he might mean, and in horror I turned and fled, running against a tombstone in my haste. "Bang," went something. I looked down, and there on the floor lay my psychology, which had fallen from my lap, and the magic helmet and all had disappeared.

PROPHET '12.

Athens College Library
Athens, Alabama

Statistics

STATISTICS! Now you needn't look bored: I know the mere word strikes horror to many timid souls, but since it is my business to gather the statistics of this most notable class, and since you are forced to listen or to jump up and run away, I shall proceed to give you in a numerical ratio, the geometrical proportions of this hard-worked, well-informed, never-to-be-forgotten, woe-begone, happy-go-lucky class. As the statistician of the greatest class that has ever gone out from these college halls, the reader who is known for her conservative statements will endeavor to tell you the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

To begin in a logical order, the first item is our number. There are nine of us; taken altogether we are called the "Nine Muses;" separately we are known as Annie Buck, Mary P., Mary Key, P. Marlowe, Cowpeas, Anna Virginia, Maggy, Miss Zaide, and Me.

The next thing to be taken into consideration is our youth. We are 175 years of age. Now you may think that rather ancient, but since you know that with age comes wisdom, experience and a great many lovely traits of character, you can very readily understand why we are so full of wisdom, so rich in experience and are so lovable.

Some have had the audacity to insinuate that the head of this class has become rather inflated, and you may think so, too, when I tell you that the distance around it is $17\frac{1}{2}$ feet. But when you learn that the weight of this class is 1,145 1-99 pounds, you will very readily see that even though it should become as inflated as Count Zeppelin's newest dirigible, there will be little danger of our getting away from the earth earthy.

When I tell you that as Freshmen this head measured only $10\frac{1}{4}$ feet around, and that we have not greatly increased in physical growth during this time, I believe that you will agree with me that this increase of $7\frac{1}{4}$ feet is, unquestionably, due to brain expansion. For have we not taken in, digested and assimilated all the knowledge found in a stack of books 56 feet $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches high, containing 25,999,861 $\frac{1}{2}$ pages, and 1,076,383,580 words?

I failed to state above that the head measurement just mentioned was taken without "rats." When "rats" are included it is increased to $23\frac{5}{8}$ feet. It will probably be well to say just here that this most worthy class is not seriously addicted to the use of rats, ribbons being preferred, because they save time, and we need all of our spare time for rewriting English themes.

Miss Maggie Griffith, who possesses the most mathematical turn of mind of any in the class, has found by a very complicated system of calculations that we each occupy an average of 41 cubic feet of space; and taken all together we occupy 369 cubic feet. As to whether there will be a quiet calm or an aching void, which the world can never fill, when we leave these halls, it will be left for others to decide. If an aching void, it will be a deep one, if measured from the top downward, for we tower to the sublime height of 110 feet, 2 1-16 inches. This one characteristic renders us expert observers for all kinds of astronomical observations anywhere within the ethereal sphere.

Another very remarkable feature of our class is that we are all more or less accomplished. It adds materially to the lustre of our crown to have four musicians, two artists, one would-be-artist, one elocutionist and one fluent linguist among our number.

Here are a great many more items of a general nature that might be read about this most honorable class, but for fear that I shall tire you, I will leave these unread. Besides, there are a great many things connected with a class of this kind that are not to be read in the hearing of the uninitiated. These pages that I am passing over contain the chronicles of the sorrows and heartaches, joys and fears, pleasures and happiness of each and every member. They tell of many descents into the vales of doubt and discouragement, and of many ascents of the mounts of hope and courage, even almost to the heights of Parnassus itself.

Passing over this general information concerning the class, collectively, I will now give you a little insight into the real individuality of each girl.

But in order to do this I must unlock a chest of mysteries, and how fortunate it is that I have a Key ready at hand with which to unlock it! Now there are various kinds of keys—door keys, watch keys, safe keys, pantry keys, office keys, darkeys, and turkeys—but our Key is not any of these. The key which *our* Key most resembles is a *mon-key*.

I find next the name of Dinsmore. Hum! It seems to me if that name were reversed it would be more appropriate, for is not Anna capable of making just a little *more din* than anybody we know? But we will look over this fault of her's for she is somewhat talented in the musical line, and if her arm will permit, we may yet have cause to be proud that she is one of our number.

Just here I find a few pages containing a little of my own personal history, but as I never like to read my praise in other people's ears, modesty forces me to pass them by.

Speaking of singers, there are soprano singers, tenor singers, contralto singers, sweet singers, musical singers and all sorts of singers, but not one of any of these singers have we. The singer who belongs to us is one who can bombard the forts of ignorance with dramatic oratory, and that singer is a *Per-singer*.

The next item that I would like to read to you relates to the aristocracy and to the high social position of our class. Now to prove to you that this statement is true, I will cite a few examples. One of our members is a great-grand-niece of Jimmy James, who was a son of John James, who was the twenty-first cousin of the once notorious Jesse. Another aristocratic member of our class is Miss Annie Buchanan. She is a daughter of Wm. Buchanan, who is the son of Ralph Buchanan, who was the grand-nephew of John Buchanan, who was the grandson of James Buchanan, one of the early presidents of our country. Annie, however, is little interested in the affairs of the nation, and only asks for a little more time in which to paint china. To prove that we are eminent socially we bring Sadie before you. She sometimes wonders if she may not be a distant relative of peg-legged Peter Stuyvesant, the one-time governor of the colony of New York, and S-t-u-r-d-i-v-a-n-t isn't just an improvement in the way of spelling Stuyvesant. She attributes to that gentleman her inherited desire to become a society butterfly.

We do not admit that anyone of us is lacking in intellectuality, nevertheless, we are ready to concede that Kathouse leads in that line. She is not so much interested, just at present, however, in making good grades as she is in getting a giant Oracle off to press. And just here I find some statements of her progress in this endeavor. The Oracle of this year is to contain 1,000 pages of literary matter alone. And Miss Walston has, since her appointment as Editor-in-Chief some six months ago, ground out of her fertile brain one-half page of this valuable material. This consists of two jokes and one news item. I will read them in order that you may know exactly the extent of her intellectual powers.

JOKE No. 1

Miss Mann (speaking to Miss Davenport at breakfast) said: "At home, we have quail on toast every morning for breakfast."

Miss Davenport: "Come off, Agnes, that's nothing! At my home we have jaybird on toast every morning."

JOKE No. 2

Miss Harding: "Oh! Carrie is all dressed up today!"

Lillian: "Why, Miss Harding, she only has on her old last year's uniform."

Miss Harding: "Well, I don't care, she has on a red tie."

NEWS ITEM.

Commencement comes in the latter part of May this year.

From this, you see, we judge that she has a notion of one day becoming famous as a literary character. Then we shall be prouder of her than ever.

Another member of our class, although she is quite demure concerning the subject, has, I'm sure, aspirations toward matrimony. She is known among us for her great capacity as a letter writer. Not long since she was heard to remark: "My! I'm so tired! I've been writing a letter all the afternoon. I've written five sheets of Athens College stationery, and I'm not through yet." When questioned as to whom in the world she could be writing such a letter as that to, she turned all sorts of colors and finally stammered out that it was to her mother. Now we all love our mothers, but we will never believe that P. Marlowe's mother ever received that letter.

I find here a very interesting item concerning still another of our members. She is called "the queen rose in our rosebud garden of girls," and she is just the dearest, sweetest all-around girl we know. She has one fault, however, and only one. This is her great love for riches, which has become such a part of her that she often quotes some lines from Tennyson, which run thus: "When I canters my 'earse along the ramper, I 'ears proputtty, proputtty, proputtty."

The last item that I have to read in your hearing may, and doubtless will, be a very interesting one to you. It is this: It has been intimated that for every day we stay in school we earn ten dollars! According to this we have earned \$64,800 during our four years of college; \$800 of this amount has been spent. We entertained the Senior class last year at a cost of \$500, this year we gave the Junior class a little reception which cost us \$100. The other two hundred has been spent for the improvement of our physical appearances.

Now the problem which confronts us is, what shall we do with this vast surplus of \$68,000. We have been undecided as to whether to endow our dear Alma Mater, or to build the new Administration Hall, which is so much needed.

Both of these plans, however, have been recently discarded, and we have finally decided, upon the suggestion of Miss Moore, and with the sincere approbation of Miss Pittman, to supply individual tutors for the class of 1913.

STATISTICIAN '12.

Who's Who in the Senior Class

I shall try to tell you here today
Who's who in our beloved class.
In these few words which I shall say
You may recognize each dignified lass.

I.

The first in our class wears an old red dress.
But why she does it you never would guess.
For her hair is red, though her eyes are brown,
And every Thursday she goes to town.
Her waist is ampler than her life,
For life indeed is but a span.
She says she'll pass serenely out
If I should mention "a man."
And sometimes she says, with a grin like a clown,
"Well, I wish I was in heaven, settin' down."

II.

Miss Vice President is the youngest in our class,
She proudly calls herself our Baby,
But in Y. W. C. A. respects
She considers herself a lady.
Truly she is just as sweet as you please,
In that little green gingham halfway to her knees.
This constant admonition makes her our debtor,
"Come on, girls, let's try to do better."

III.

The next in our class is the very best,
She can joke and she can jest.
When she gets on a spree she makes things whirl,
Which may be the reason she's an all-round girl.

She is in truth our Secretary, so dear,
With a voice at once both sweet and clear,
But often it is very far from low,
When she says, "Law, child, I don't know."

IV.

Member four is inseparable from member two.
She thinks whatever Mary P. says will do.
But just let her begin to smile and grin,
It's enough to turn you from every sin.
She was never known to disagree,
She always adds, "Yes, that just suits me."

V.

The next on my list has a decided bent.
She is very fond of argument.
She muses awhile upon the heights,
Then descends upon us with woman's rights.
She thinks a person has no fame
Who spells incorrectly the McDonnald name.
"I'll be angry," says she with disdainful lip,
"Unless there are two 'n's' on my 'dip.'"

VI.

The next, indeed, instead of a girl,
I introduce to you a real live Pearl.
It drinks sweet milk because it's ill,
And now it practices at its will.
I never did know a Pearl to walk.
I never did know a Pearl to talk.
This one never joins in our fun quite,
But says, "No, no, I've a letter to write."

VII.

This next young lady you must not tease,
She gets enough from one of those Keys.
She's just as smart as she can be,
As all the teachers readily see.
She should be, for from morn to night
She studies till her hair's a fright.
Then she says with a dreamy sigh:
"It was very hard to say good-bye.
When will Mr. Moore bring those pictures back?
I'm weary of waiting. Alack! Alack!"

VII.

'Till all the seas gang dry, my friends,
And the rocks melt with the sun,
Class '12 will always love this girl,
Who forever continues her fun.
Her hair is red, her eyes are bright,
In all the school she's the biggest sight.
She leads the minstrel at a lively pace,
She tells a joke and makes a face,
And wins all hearts in every place.
You can't but know her, when you hear her say,
"You must think it's your birthday."

IX.

The last of all you may think quite cranky,
Because she's long, tall, lean, and lanky,
Her identity you can surely guess
In "one great spontaneous yes."

SADIE STURDIVANT '12.

Last Will and Testament

STATE OF ALABAMA,
LIMESTONE COUNTY, MARCH 1, 1912.

[We, the members of the Athens College Senior Class residing in the town of Athens, County of Limestone, State of Alabama, being of sound mind, and being warned by the statute of limitations, that we must soon depart this scholastic life; and also being desirous of satisfactorily disposing of such of our college possessions as have not been transmitted into thought and indestructibly organized into our self-hood, do make and declare the following to be our last will and testament, to wit:

First.—We give, bequeath, and devise to all our hearers jointly and severally, the undivided and undivisible interest we hold in our smiles, in our good behavior, our correct habits, and our own kind deeds, while in Athens College.

Second.—We give and bequeath to all classes of Athens College, both Academic and Collegiate, our soft, sweet musical voices.

Third.—To the Freshman class, we give and bequeath, all hose, which have neither heels nor toes; all sanitary drinking cups, which will be found lurking around in the highways and hedges; all our worn-out tooth-brushes; also the information that there is a firm in Birmingham which repairs the same.

Fourth.—We give and bequeath to the Sophomores, the full right of talking to every boy who may come to Athens College to attend the Junior Reception of 1913; the legitimate right to hold their heads high, and to knock at random on all Freshmen. We furthermore bequeath the said class our old kimonas, bedroom slippers, and the great pleasure of writing up laboratory notebooks.

Fifth.—To the Faculty of Athens College, we give and bequeath all our gymnasium suits, tennis shoes and rackets, gay hair ribbons, demerits, all remaining privileges, if any remain, after May 29, 1912, and the full right of peaceful slumbers and noiseless snores during prayers.

Sixth.—To our dear President, Miss Moore, we give and bequeath one cookbook, containing Mrs. Vandiver's recipes for preparing the following: Soup, chocolate sauce, rice pudding, mashed sweet potatoes, "tutti frutti" croquettes, boiled cabbage, scalloped oysters, and other recipes of such recent invention that names have not yet been compiled for them; all dressers of Brown Hall, with both convex and concave mirrors, but only on this one condition: that the above said dressers will be allowed to remain in the same rooms in which they now stand, in order that all students who may in the future occupy these rooms will enjoy the two-fold privilege of using these said mirrors and of realizing the pleasure which we have derived from the use of same; and all of Miss Eunice McDonald's love letters.

Seventh.—To the Junior class, we give and bequeath the sole and entire interest in all desks on the right hand side of the middle aisle of the college chapel, so that each and every member of this said class may be comfortably seated; all our claim on any member or members of class '12, whom the Faculty may see fit to encore, in order that the class of '13 may never have the great misfortune to be compelled to change its motto, "Quantity! Quantity! Quantity!"; we bequeath to this class the motto of all preceding Senior classes of Athens College, "Quality! Quality!"; we give it the right of satisfying its inherent curiosity by prying into everybody's business, by finding out all that there is to be known about Faculty meetings, class meetings, etc.

Eighth.—There are yet a few rights and possessions, which we shall bequeath to neither our President, our instructors, nor fellow-students, namely: Our ambitions for more true knowledge; the love for our Alma Mater; the inspirations which Miss Moore's heart to heart talks have given us, and the broader and clearer vision we now have of what life is.

We hereby constitute and appoint the Shade of Socrates, without bond, to be the sole executor of this our last will and testament.

Witness our hand and seal, this first day of March, 1912.

ATHENS COLLEGE SENIOR CLASS.

Witnesses, one stray white dog, and one huge gray-haired gopher rat.



Junior Class

Officers

ESTHER BARRETT	President
REBECCA CHANDLER	Vice President
SARAH RIVES	Secretary and Treasurer
JOSIE McCALEB	Poet
ETHEL MAY HIGHTOWER	Historian

Members

BARRETT, ESTHER, B.S.,
PESSEMER, ALA.

"Sufficient unto herself."

Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; K. O. S.; Jolly Bachelors; Doo Dollies; Happy Half Dozen; Les Petites Enfants; Basketball, '10-'12; Varsity '10-'12; Business Manager Athenian, '12.

BUCHANAN, ELIZABETH,
RIVERTON, ALA.

*"Of all her looks a calm disclose,
Of innocence and truth."*

Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.; A. A. A.; L. B. A.; Les Petites Enfants; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.

BURNS, RUTH,
GADSDEN, ALA.

*"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant too, to think on."*

Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; L. B. A.; A. A. A.; Jolly Bachelors; B. T. H.; Bowknots; Skeeters; Les Petites Enfants; Glee Club.

CHANDLER, REBECCA, A.B.,
ATHENS, ALA.

*"Happy am I, from care I'm free;
Why aren't they all contented like me?"*

J. C. L. S.; Les Petites Enfants; Dramatic Club; Glee Club; Vice President Class.

COTTEN, NELLE, A.B.,
ATHENS, ALA.

"The magic of a face."

J. C. L. S.; Les Petites Enfants; Dramatic Club.

CRAWFORD, ANNA, A.B.,
ATHENS, ALA.

"My mind to me a kingdom is."

J. C. L. S.; Les Petites Enfants.

HIGHTOWER, ETHEL MAE, A.B.,
ATHENS, ALA.

"She is meek, soft and maiden like."

J. C. L. S.; Les Petites Enfants; Dramatic Club.

JACOBS, RUTH, A.B.,
GOODWATER, ALA.

"Wit is the salt of thy conversation."

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; J. C. L. S.; A. A. A.; T. D. T.; Les
Petites Enfants; Class Basketball, Varsity, '11.

McCALEB, JOSIE, B.S.,
DEPOSIT, ALA.

"A Daniel come to judgment."

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; J. C. L. S.; K. O. S.; A. A. A.; Les
Petites Enfants; Art Club; Doo Dollies; Athenian Staff,
'11, '12.

McWHORTER, ZELLA, B.S.,
RIVERTON, ALA.

*"Ah, why,
Should life all labor be!"*

Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.; Les Petites Enfants; Vice Presi-
dent A. A. A.; Class Basketball, '09, '10, '11, '12; Varsity,
'10, '12.

PEARSON, MATTIE MAE, B.S.,
ALEXANDER CITY, ALA.

"I have not found a happy earth."

Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; A. A. A.; Les Petites Enfants.

RIVES, SARAH, A.B.,
ATHENS, ALA.

*"The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books."*

J. C. L. S.; Les Petites Enfants; Dramatic Club; Oracle
Board, '12; Glee Club.

ROBINSON, CASSIE BELLE, A.B.,
DECATUR, ALA.

"Love is and was my king."

Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.; L. B. A.; A. A. A.; Les Petites
Enfants.

SANDERSON, BERTHA, B.S.,
HARVEST, ALA.

"Virtue is bold and goodness never fearful."

Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.; Les Petites Enfants; Glee Club.

SIMMONS, ELIZABETH, B.S.,
ATHENS, ALA.

*"She seems a gentle creature,
And very trim and neat."*

G. E. L. S.; Les Petites Enfants.

VANHOOSER, RUBY, A.B.,
GAINESVILLE, FLA.

*"O bed! O bed! Delicious bed!
That heaven upon earth to the weary head!"*

Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; D. K. P.; B. T. M.; Les Petites
Enfants.

History



N the fall of 1909 all Athens College was made merry by the happy voices of the "record-breaking" class of Freshmen. They came in search of knowledge, and after pursuing their course for three years they find that the goal is still nine months ahead.

Notwithstanding the fact that they have decreased somewhat in number, the Junior class is the largest that Athens College has known for many years. It has always excelled in basketball and other sports; and when it comes to making good grades it is constantly at the front.

The Juniors are at the happiest stage of their college life. They have not the timidity of the Freshmen, the self-satisfaction of the Sophomore, nor the anxiety of the Senior. They live in a little sphere that is all their own. The midnight hour no longer finds them pouring over difficult work. Physics and Geometry are things of the past.

Still, Juniors are not content to be Juniors always. They are anxiously awaiting the time when they will don cap and gown and take upon themselves the well earned title of Seniors. When the illustrious class of '13 shall pass out from the college halls, may it ever be said of them: "They fought a good fight, they kept the faith."

HISTORIAN '13.

Poem

"Quantity" we're called by name,
But we are quality all the same.
As we in numbers have expanded
We have certainly plenty of wisdom landed.

In basketball we've stripped the field,
The Freshies, Sophs and Seniors yield.
I tell you the weaker have to go,
Compared with the "Quantity" class, they're
"zero."

In privileges to hold our part
Every reverend teacher we have to dart;
Although they do not use their palm,
The "Quantity" class, they know how to calm.

In grades we do not take an active part,
We think more important the beating of the heart.
Oh! 'tis true we're very young,
But we hate the thought of getting "stung."

The great quantity class of the dear old College
Will ever be known for its extraordinary knowl-
edge;
And its future days will be happy and bright
Teaching other classes how to do right.

POET '13.



SOPHOMORE

SOPHOMORE

CLASS



Sophomore Class

Officers

TSUNG VONG SUNG	<i>President</i>
LENA TERRY	<i>Vice President.</i>
WINNIE SMITH	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
LUCRETIA HENRY	<i>Poet</i>
OLA COSPER	<i>Historian</i>

Members

ANDERSON, RUTH, '14.
CARBON HILL, ALA.

"Merrily, merrily, I shall live."

Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; D. K. P.; B. T. M.; Bowknots;
Fair Japonica; M. M. M.; Class Basketball, '12; Oracle Board,
'12.

BURTON, CLARICE, '14.
JACKSON, MO.

"Begone, dull care! Thou and I shall never agree."

Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; Orchestra; Dramatic Club; Bow-
knots.

COSPER, OLA, '14.
NAPIER, TENN.

*"I am so unimportant that no one minds what I say, so I
say it, it's the only comfort I have."*

Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; A. A. A.; Headlights; Class His-
torian, '12.

COWDEN, LYDA, '14.
REMLAP, ALA.

"She was just the quiet kind, whose nature never varies."

Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.

HENRY, LUCRETIA, '14.
BONNE TERRE, MO.

"Who would not love her?"

Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; K. O. S.; A. A. A.; Athenian Staff, '12.

JOHNSON, INEZ, '14.
HAMILTON, ALA.

"Be wise today, 'tis madness to defer."

Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; A. A. A.

PRIDE, ELIZABETH, '14.
CHEROKEE, ALA.

"A cheerful man is a king."

Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.; D. K. P.; A. A. A.; B. T. M.; M. M. M.; Fair Japonica; Bowknobs; Class Basketball, '12; Oracle Board, '12.

STRIPLING, ADDIE, '14.
ROANOKE, ALA.

*"Just call me scholar,
Let that be my praise."*

Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.; Athenian Staff, '12.

SUNG, VONG TSUNG, '14.
SOOCHOW, CHINA.

*"Her thoughts serenely sweet, express
How pure, how dear, their dwelling place."*

Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; President Class '14.

SHERROD, MILDRED, '14.
TUSCUMBIA, ALA.

She appears very quiet, but—

Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; D. K. P.; A. A. A.; B. T. M.

TERRY, LENA, '14
BESSEMER, ALA.

"My smile must be sincere or not at all."

Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; A. A. A.; K. O. S.; B. T. M.; Class Basketball, '12.

WHITMAN, MARY, '14.
BOAZ, ALA.

*"She attempts the end and never stands to doubt,
Nothing so hard but search may find it out."*

Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; K. O. S.; A. A. A.; Oracle Board, '12.

WILLIAMS, MAE, '14.
BOAZ, ALA.

"A girl resolved and steady to her trust."

Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.; A. A. A.

History



ALL "Coliege" is divided into four parts, of which one is the Seniors, another the Juniors, another the Sophomores, and a fourth those who in their own language are called "Freshies," but in ours Freshmen. All these differ among themselves in laws and customs. Of all these, the Sophomores are the smartest, and have been such since they came a year ago, because they are farthest away from uncultured things and those things which tend to weaken the mind.

Next to the Sophomores are the Seniors, who continually wage war among themselves, or contend in almost daily battle with the Juniors.

One of these parts, which we have mentioned above, took its rise from the incoming class of 1910. It is bounded by the Land of Wisdom, the River of Knowledge, and the Ocean of Experience. On account of these boundaries the members surpass the remaining (Seniors, Juniors and Freshmen) in conduct, good qualities and virtue.

Next year they hope to make a fruitful conquest of the Land of Wisdom, and so work that at the close of their Senior year they may have conquered equally as well the River of Knowledge, and be ready to embark on the mighty Ocean of Experience.

HISTORIAN.

Poem

Tell me not in sweetest phrases
Sophs are not the best there are;
For to all that pass such stages
Nothing can those memories mar.

Sophomores labor! Sophomores work!
And all knowledge is our goal.
If our lessons we should shirk,
Better far be under knoll.

Not all joy, not all sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to work that each tomorrow
Finds us wiser than today.

Tests are long, exams draw near,
And our hearts beat quick and hard;
But we never seem to fear
That word "flunk" on our card.

(Apologies to Longfellow.)

In our own broad field of learning,
In the battle for our rights,
We're not to silly notions turning;
We're showing who puts up the fight.

Grades of scholars all remind us
We can make our grades to climb,
And at parting leave behind us
Records fair in every mind.

Records that in the far future,
Struggling through this dreary work,
A disheartened brain-wrecked creature
Seeing, ne'er will try to shirk.

May we thus be good and honest;
With a brain for any plan;
Still repeating odes and sonnets,
Learn to memorize and scan.

CLASS POET.



FRESHMAN



FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class

Officers

MAMIE GATLIN	President
MOOTIE LU BUCHANAN	Vice President.
SALLIE McCALEB	Secretary and Treasurer
MARIE TONEY	Poet
BERTHA MAY	Historian

Members

BUCHANAN, MOOTIE LU, '15.
RIVERTON, ALA.
*"She knows what's what, and that's as high as metaphysic
yet can fly."*
Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.; A. A. A.; L. B. A.

CARTER, VIVIENNE, '15.
LANGSTON, ALA.
"I follow wherever I am led."
Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.; A. A. A.; Class Basketball Team.

COFFMAN, MAE, '15.
ATHENS, ALA.
"Better late than never"
J. C. L. S.

CRUTCHER, MAMIE, '15.
ATHENS, ALA.
"Born for success."
J. C. L. S.; Orchestra.

FARR, WINNIFRED, '15.
BESSEMER, ALA.
"Silence is deep as eternity."
Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.

FLOYD, ESTELLE, '15.
ASHLAND, ALA.
"A maiden never bold."
Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.

GATLIN, MAMIE, '15.
BETHEL, TENN.
*"Her smiles are like the morning sun
Which burst the clouds apart."*
Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; L. B. A.; A. A. A.; Bowknots;
Class Basketball.

IGOUE, ALTA, '15.
ATHENS, ALA.
"Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness."
G. E. L. S.

MAY, BERTHA, '15.
GADSDEN, ALA.
"I pray thee, look with favor on my curly locks."
Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; K. O. S.; Glee Club.

McCALEB, SALLIE, '15.
DEPOSIT, ALA.
"Hang sorrow! care would kill a cat."
Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; K. O. S.; Class Basketball Team;
Doo Dollies; Orchestra.

McCARTY, LOUISE, '15.
SLOCOMB, ALA.

"Deeds, not words."

Y. W. C. A.; A. A. A.; J. C. L. S.; T. D. T.; Glee Club.

McDONALD, JESSIE, '15.
ATHENS, ALA.

*"I have only done by duty,
As anyone is bound to do."*

G. E. L. S.

MORRIS, EMMA SUE, '15.
TRINITY, ALA.

*"She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise."*

Y. W. C. A.; J. E. L. S.

MUNRO, SARA, '15.
MILLERVILLE, ALA.

"The noblest mind the best contentment has."

Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.

ROCHELLE, ODELL, '15.
ATHENS, ALA.

"'Tis hard to be in love and to be wise."

J. C. L. S.

RICHARDSON, FAY, '15.
ATHENS, ALA.

"Simple, bland and mild."

G. E. L. S.

SHIRLEY, LULA MAE, '15.
GORDO, ALA.

"A full, rich nature, free to trust."

Glee Club; Skeeters; Secretary and Treasurer A. A. A.;
J. C. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.; L. B. A.; Varsity Basketball, '12;
Class Basketball Team; Headlights.

SIMMONS, KATIE MAE, '15.
ATHENS, ALA.

*"There's many a black, black eye, they say,
But none so bright as thine."*

J. C. L. S.

TONEY, MARIE, '15.
MADISON, ALA.

*"I am the very slave of circumstance and impulse—borne
away with every breath."*

Y. W. C. A.; A. A. A.; J. C. L. S.; T. D. T.; Fair Japonica;
Oracle Board; Class Basketball Team.

VANN, LINNA, '15.
ATHENS, ALA.

"Another of those blessed normalities."

G. E. L. S.

VANN, ELIZABETH, '15.
ATHENS, ALA.

"Her wee small voice soars upward."

G. E. L. S.

WHITTEN, LOUISE, '15.
BATESVILLE, MISS.

"A dearest and darlingest girl."

Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.

History

We are not many, but we have won our place in old Athens College this year. Though we are the "Freshies," and the Seniors look condescendingly upon us, there is one class that longs for the time when they can be called Freshman. The Senior Academy class longs for the time when they shall cross the line that divides the Academic and Collegiate classes; so we hold the place of pride with one class anyway.

The Freshmen have had their work to do, and they have done it; but they have managed to fix a little fun and adventure along with the hardest task. They have successfully passed the first milestone in the race.

CLASS HISTORIAN.

Poem

The Freshman class, naught fifteen,
Is the best class you can find;
Of dainty, sweet maids consisting
Each having a wonderful mind.

No matter what work you may give us,
Be it hard or easy to do,
We always are willing to try it,
And before you know it we're through.

When we attend entertainments,
You scarcely know we are there,
We are so quiet and modest,
And have such a ladylike air.

Of course we know we are children,
And often not willing to mind,
But we certainly are improving,
Though we sometimes find it a grind.

*A grind," did I say? No, never!
Such a thing we never have known,
Though we try to do work like our elders,
Yet we never utter a groan.

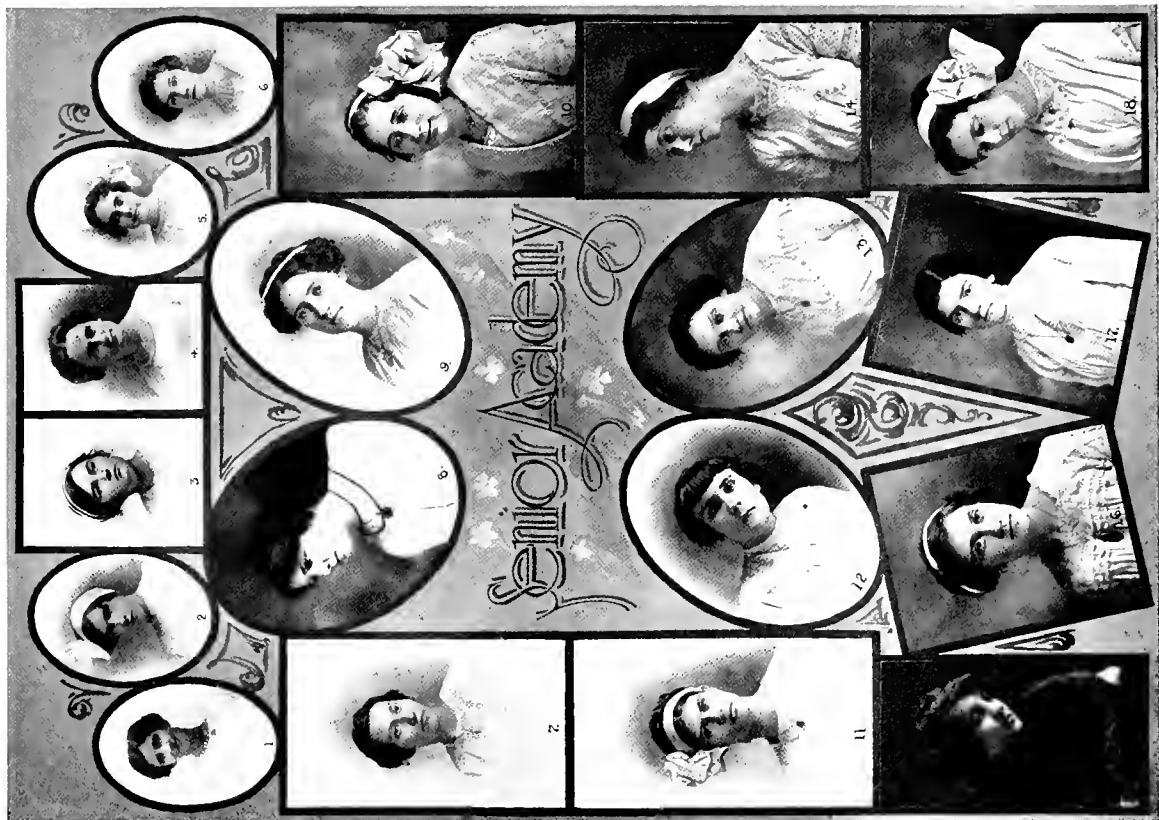
Old Athens will certainly miss us,
When we leave her in the spring,
But she looks to the coming autumn,
Which our smiling faces will bring.

But then we will be Sophomore's,
And our Freshman days be past;
And after two years of study,
We shall be Seniors at last.

POET.



ACADEMICS



Senior Academy Class

NELLE HATCHETT, *President*

"The stormy sea grew civil at her song."

J. C. L. S.; Glee Club; Oracle Board.

MARY BAGLEY,
REPUBLIC, ALA.

"The very pink of perfection."

Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; A. A. A.; L. B. A.; Fair Japonica.

MERLE BATSON,
ROCKFORD, ALA.

"They are only truly great who are truly good."

Y. W. C. A.; A. A. A.; J. C. L. S.; T. D. T.

FRANCES BINGHAM,
ATHENS, ALA.

"I care for no one, if no one cares for me."

J. C. L. S.; Glee Club.

HUNTER BRANSCOMB,
UNION SPRINGS, ALA.

"Hail to thee, blythe spirit."

Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; Kodaks; D. K. P.; Glee Club.

FANNIE MAE BYARS,
OAKMAN, ALA.

"It would talk."

Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; T. D. T.

EUNICE CLEGG,
ALMOND, ALA.

"Silence reigns supreme."

Y. W. C. A.; A. A. A.; J. C. L. S.

ZULA COOLEY,
GATMAN, MISS.

"She seems a part of wisdom."

Y. W. C. A.; A. A. A.; J. C. L. S.

STELLA CASPER,
NAPIER, TENN.

"A merry lass is she."

J. C. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.; A. A. A.

INEZ COYLE,
HUNTSVILLE, ALA.

"The embodiment of perpetual motion."

Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.

ABBIE WIGGS,
BESSEMER, ALA.

"Love me little, love me long."

G. E. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.; I. C. E.

ADDIE MAE WITT,
ATHENS, ALA.

"Minds that have little to confer find little to perceive."

J. C. L. S.

FLORENCE WITT,
ATHENS, ALA.

"I am nothing if not critical."

J. C. L. S.

MARIE WITT,
ATHENS, ALA.

"I forgot."

J. C. L. S.

LOUISE LAWLER,
HUNTSVILLE, ALA.

"To obey is not my nature."

Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.

LUCILE LOGAN,
ATHENS, ALA.

"A good girl, worthy of note."
J. C. L. S.

IRENE LOWE,
HUNTSVILLE, ALA.

*"Up! Up! My friend, and quit your books, or surely you'll
grow double."*
Y. W. C. A.; A. A. A.; J. C. L. S.; M. M. M.; K. O. S.

LEAH LYLE,
DECATUR, ALA.

"I often have regretted my speech, but never my silence."
Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; T. G.; Skeeters; B. T. M.

ANNIE NANCE,
GURLEY, ALA.

*"We are charmed by neatness of person, let not thy hair
be out of order."*
Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; C. L. S.; K. O. S.; A. A. A.

MAGGIE PETTUS,
ATHENS, ALA.

She is sweet and simple.
J. C. L. S.

ESIE CRAWFORD,
JOPPA, ALA.

"Of manners gentle and affections mild."
Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.

METHYLE JORDAN,
BATH, ME.

*"Her voice was like a trumpet loud and shrill, which made
all things in heaven and earth be still."*
Y. W. C. A.; A. A. A.; G. E. L. S.; Class Basketball Team;
Glee Club.

LOIS KENNEDY,
CLARKSDALE, MISS.

*"Plag'd if there aint somepin' in work 'at kind o' goes
against my conviction."*
Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.; D. K. P.; A. A. A.; Jolly Bachel-
ors; Class Basketball Team.

MAUD WISE KENNEDY,
CLARKSDALE, MISS.

"A fairer face 'twas ne'er my luck to see."
Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.; D. K. P.; A. A. A.; Class Basket-
ball Team.

ANNA LOU RICHARDS,
MILLPORT, ALA.

"Young in years, but in sage counsel, old."
G. E. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.; A. A. A.

JEN RIEVES,
ATHENS, ALA.

"The neatest, trimmest little maid."
J. C. L. S.

IONE ROCHELLE,
ATHENS, ALA.

"Life is a comedy. Who cares?"
J. C. L. S.

MARY SPENCER,
HUFFMAN, ALA.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."
Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.

JOSIE THOMAS,
ALBERTVILLE, ALA.

"A sweet and gentle creature."
Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.

MARGARET WATERS,
ATHENS, ALA.

"Her silver voice is the rich music of a summer bird."
J. C. L. S.; Glee Club.

ANNIE HINDS,
ARAB, ALA.

"My tongue within my lips I reign."
J. C. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.



Junior Academy Class

EDITH ARCHIBALD,
GORDON, ALA.

"She talks little, but thinks much."

Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.

NETTIE BAGLEY,
REPUBLIC, ALA.

"She was meek and modest."

Y. W. C. A.; A. A. A.; J. C. L. S.; Fair Japonica.

LOUISE BURNS,
GADSDEN, ALA.

"Too fair to love; too divine to worship."

Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; A. A. A.; I. C. E.; Kodaks.

VERA CARLTON,
WADLEY, ALA.

"Hail! Divinest melancholy."

Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.

CORINNE GRIGSBY,
ATHENS, ALA.

"She spoke at large of many things."

J. C. L. S.

LILLIE HASSON,
NORTHPORT, ALA.

"Afraid of her shadow."

J. C. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.

LULA HATCHETT,
ATHENS, ALA.

"Learning is most excellent."

J. C. L. S.

FLORENCE HILL,
DECATUR, ALA.

"Books—'tis a dull and endless strife."

Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; A. A. A.; T. D. T.; Skeeters;
I. C. E.; B. T. M.

EMILY IRVINE,
ATHENS, ALA.

"Silence is more eloquent than words."

J. C. L. S.

AGNES IRVINE,
ATHENS, ALA.

Before it is too late, get busy.

J. C. L. S.

SARAH LAWLER,
HUNTSVILLE, ALA.

*"Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn
by the wayside."*

J. C. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.; A. A. A.

AGNES MANN,
MALONE, ALA.

"Her waist is ampler than her life, for life is but a span."

Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.; A. A. A.; I. C. E.

MADLINE McDANIEL,
ATHENS, ALA.

"Father's pet and mother's joy."

J. C. L. S.

ETTA MOORE,
ATHENS, ALA.

"Follow me and by me be led."

J. C. L. S.; A. A. A.

GLADYS PETTUS,
ATHENS, ALA.

Ever in the cheerfulest mood art thou,

J. C. L. S.

NELLE ROGERS,
ATHENS, ALA.

"I care not."

J. C. L. S.

MARY RUTH VANDIVER,
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Judge not according to the appearance.

J. C. L. S.

BIRDIE LOUISE WORD,
ATHENS, ALA.

"The beauty of my countenance is my constant joy."

J. C. L. S.

Sophomore Academy Class

REBECCA EUBANK,
ROWLAND, ALA.

"Close thy weary eyes."

G. E. L. S.; A. A. A.; Fair Japonica.

VIVIAN ST. CLAIR GUY,
EUPHRONIA, ALA.

"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare."

Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; Headlights.

LOUISE HARRISON,
ATHENS, ALA.

"Her thoughts are far away."

LILLIAN HEAD,
ATHENS, ALA.

JENNIE IGOU,
ATHENS, ALA.

"I am resolved to do my best."

G. E. L. S.

SALLIE B. MALONE,
ATHENS, ALA.

"Her complexion was exquisitely fair."

J. C. L. S.

LILLIE MULKEY,
MONTEVALLO, ALA.

"You asked me, friends, when I began to love. How could I tell you?"

J. C. L. S.

ESSIE SMITH,
ATHENS, ALA.

"Vain pleasures I abhor."

GUSSIE SMITH,
ATHENS, ALA.

"Silence is more eloquent than words."

ELIZABETH TILMAN,
ATHENS, ALA.

"The neatest, sweetest, trimmest little maiden."

NINA TURENTINE,

"Much study is a weariness of the flesh."



Freshman Academy Class

Freshman Academy Class

LUCILE CRUTCHER,
ATHENS, ALA.

"Such a fresh, blooming, rosy, cozy, modest little bud."

LOUISE ESTES,
ATHENS, ALA.

"A bright but quiet lassie."

BESSIE HINDS,
ARAB, ALA.

"They always talk who never think."

HATTIE HINDS,
ARAB, ALA.

"A most loving little girl."

NANCY MARTIN,
ATHENS, ALA.

"Meek and soft and maiden like."

GLADYS RENFRO,
ATHENS, ALA.

"Dimples have power to charm the savage breast."

MATTIE SMITH,
ATHENS, ALA.

"We know not what thou art."

INA SMITH,
ARAB, ALA.

"This is a humorous story."

MATTIE SANDLIN,
ELKMONT, ALA.

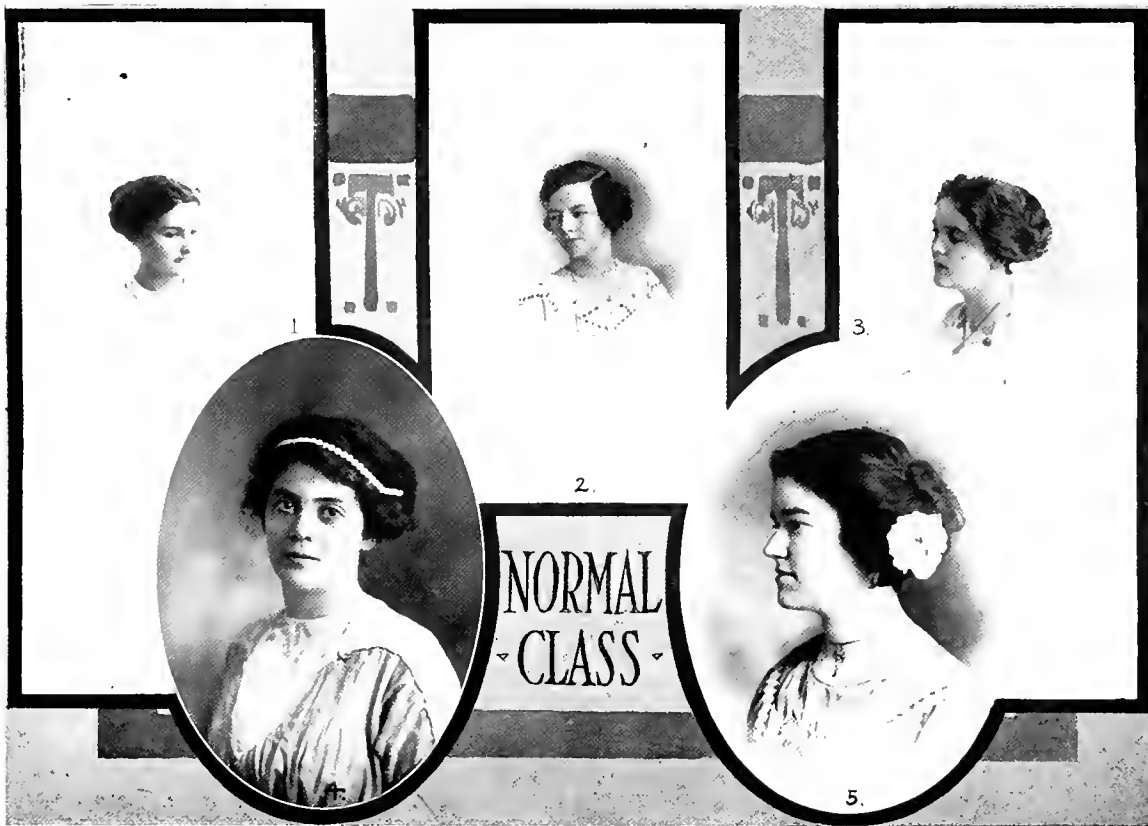
"Books—'tis a dull and endless strife."

CLELIE McWILLIAMS,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

"Give me liberty or give me death."



Intermediates



Normal Class

Officers

FLORENCE HENDERSON	President
BESSIE LEVIE	Vice President.
CARRIE NICHOLS	Secretary and Treasurer
BESSIE WALDROP	Historian
LOUISE CRAWFORD	Poet

Members

CARRIE AND HATTIE BERRY,
FAYETTE, ALA.
"Two lovely berries moulded on one stem."
A. A. A.; Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.; Mufflers.

OLIVIA CLARLSON,
FLORENCE, ALA.
"She knows a thing or two."
Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.

LOUISE CRAWFORD,
ATHENS, ALA.
"Whose life is a bubble."
J. C. L. S.

OLIVE ECHOLS,
BLOCTON, ALA.
"Her imagination resembleth the wings of an ostrich. It enables her to run, but not to soar."
Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.; A. A. A.; Dramatic Club.

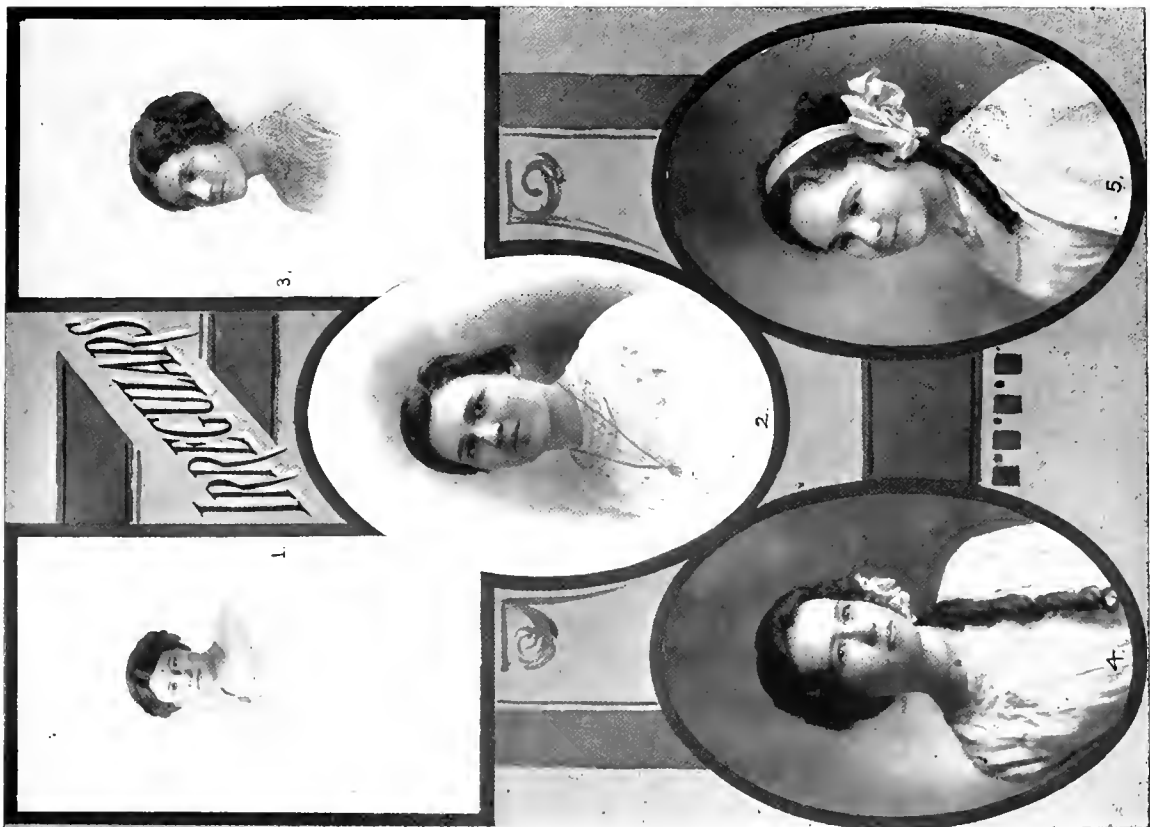
ELIZABETH WALDROP,
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.
"I care not."
Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; T. D. T.

FLORENCE HENDERSON,
ELKTON, TENN.
"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."
Y. W. C. A.; K. O. S.; A. A. A.; G. E. L. S.

BESSIE LEVIE,
GOODWATER, ALA.
"Who goeth a borrowing, goeth a sorrowing."
Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; A. A. A.; Varsity Basketball;
T. D. T.; Class Basketball.

CARRIE NICHOLS,
NEW HOPE, ALA.
"Silence is the most perfect herald of joy."
Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.

SALLIE SMITH,
WADLEY, ALA.
"Accuse not her."
Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.



Irregulars

LOUISE BEASLEY,
ASPEN HILL, ALA.

"Sleep, my pretty one, sleep!"

Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; K. O. S.; A. A. A.; Jolly Bach-
clors; Doo Dollie; Happy Half Dozen; T. B. T.; Glee Club.

NEVA DICKEY,
GUNTERSVILLE, ALA.

"Small and pure as a pearl."

I. C. E.; Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.

RITA GIBSON,
ASHLAND, ALA.

"Like the lark, would I were singing."

G. E. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.; Glee Club

MAYE JOHNS,
CROSSETT, ARK.

"It would talk."

Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; B. T. M.; D. K. P.; A. A. A.;
Skeeters; I. C. E.; M. M. M.; Class Basketball Team.

LENA MARLOWE,
ONEONTA, ALA.

*"I am not without suspicion that I have an undeveloped
faculty of music within me."*

Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.; Glee Club.

ENNIS MATTHEWS,
GOODWATER, ALA.

*"Doing nothing to repent,
Watchful and obedient."*

Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; A. A. A.; Sophomore Basketball;
T. D. T.

MAJORIE MCCOY,
ATHENS, ALA.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever."

J. C. L. S.

LUCY MOORE,

*"And still the wonder grew
How one small head could carry all she knew."*

Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; A. A. A.

LILLIAN SHELBY,
WATERLOO, ALA.

*"A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer day."*

Y. W. C. A.; J. E. L. S.; A. A. A.; Dramatic Club.

SPECIALS



Specials

MARIA DAVENPORT,
VALLEY HEAD, ALA.

*"She who is not of my mind
Another traveling mate may find."*

Y. W. C. A.; G. E. L. S.; K. O. S.; Jolly Bachelors;
B. T. M.

BESSIE JONES,
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

"At school for her health."

J. C. L. S.; A. A. A.; Glee Club.

AURORA KELLY,
JFFB, ALA.

"Aurora, fair daughter of the dawn."

J. C. L. S.; Art Club.

HALLIE McCARY,
HUNTSVILLE, ALA.

"I am sure care's an enemy to life."

Y. W. C. A.; J. C. L. S.; D. K. P.; A. A. A.; Bowknots;
Skeeters; B. T. M.; Glee Club.

FRANCES SANDERS,
ATHENS, ALA.

*"Ah! she flavors everything.
She is the vanilla of society."*

J. C. L. S.; Glee Club.



Department of Music

MISS KATE McCANDLESS *Director*
 MISS EDITH CONLEY *Piano*
 MISS NELLE SMITH *Piano and Violin*
 MISS JULIA SPAULDING *Piano*
 MISS LOUISE MOORE *Voice*

MISS McCANDLESS.

FRANCES BINGHAM	ELIZABETH DUNCAN	PEARL MARLOWE	SARAH RIVES
LOUISE BURNS	MRS. J. A. DUNCAN	LENA MARLOWE	ANNIE ROYER
RUTH BURNS	MAGGIE GRIFFITH	HALLIE McCARY	FRANCES SANDERS
ELIZABETH BUCHANAN	BESSIE JONES	LOUISE McCARTY	LILLIAN SHELBY
VIVIAN CARTER	MAUD WISE KENNEDY	MARJORIE McCOY	LULA MAE SHIRLEY
OPIE CLEMENTS	LOIS KENNEDY	LUCY MOORE	WINNIE SMITH
MAMIE CRUTCHER	MARY KEY	PAULINE NAUGHER	MISS JULIA SPAULDING
MARIA DAVENPORT	AGNES MANN	MAGGIE PETTUS	DONIE WARE
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VIVIAN CARTER	LOLA GUY	EMMA SUE MORRIS	LENA TERRY
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STELLA COSPER	EINNAN HERNDON	ANNIE NANCE	MARGARET WATERS
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INA SMITH
PEARL TABOR
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LILA YORK

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MAE COFFMAN
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LOUISE ESTES

EUNICE SMITH GILBERT
LILLIE HASSON
RUTH JACOBS
MACCA MARTIN

MADELINE MCDANIEL
MAGGIE PETTUS
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MARY SCOTT MOORE

GLADYS PETTUS
CASSIE B. ROBINSON

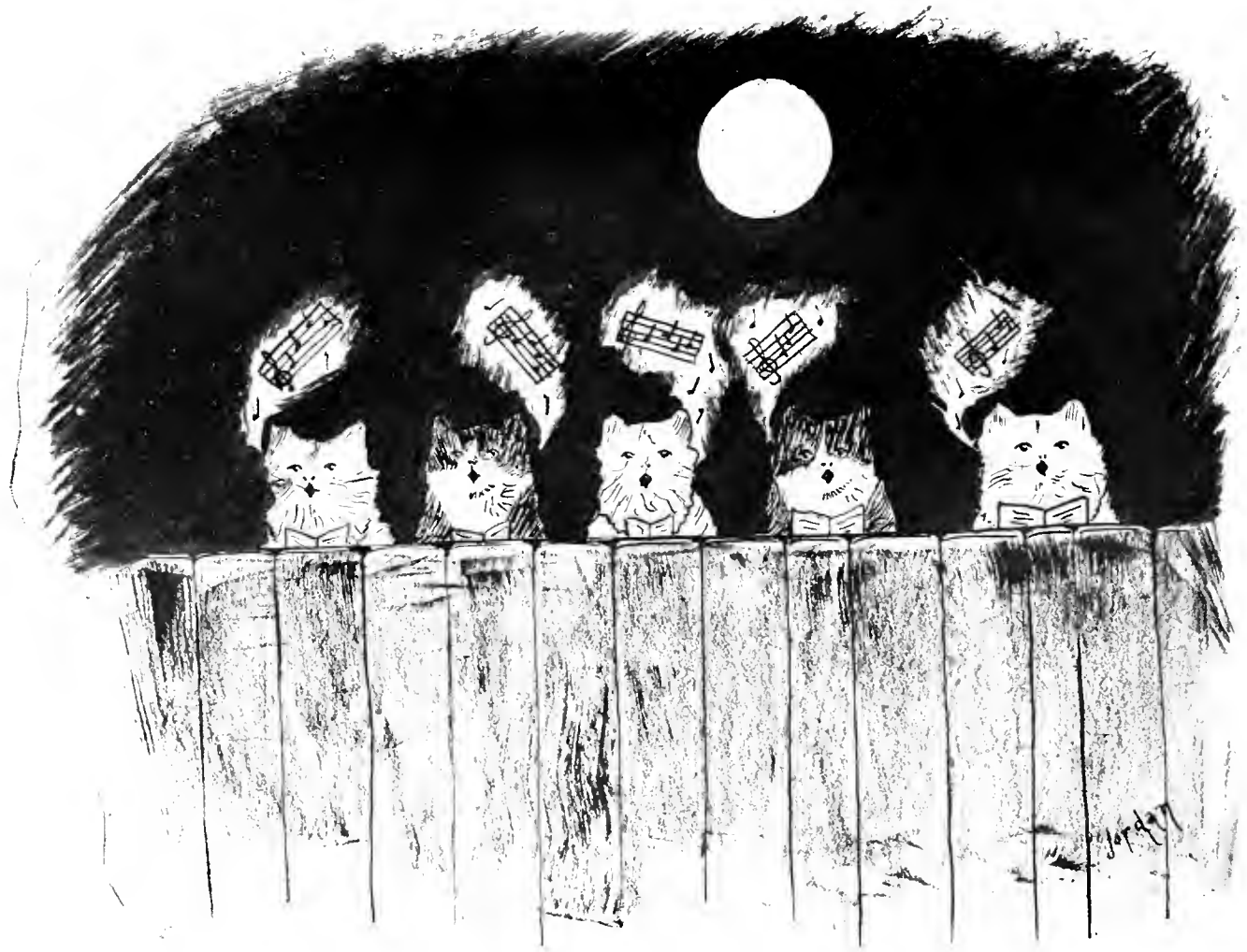
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HUNTER BRANSCOMB
RUTH BURNS
ISABEL CHANDLER
RITA GIBSON
NELLE HATCHETT

METHYLE JORDAN
MISS HAZEL F. JENNINGS
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GLADYS RENFROE

MISS NELLE SMITH
BERTHA SANDERSON
LINNA VANN
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JOSEPHINE WILLIS



GLEE CLUB



Glee Club

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RUTH BURNS
CLARICE BURTON
ISABELLA CHANDLER
REBECCA CHANDLER
RITA GIBSON

NELL HATCHETT
METHYLE JORDAN
BESSIE JONES
LOIS KENNEDY
HALLIE McCARY
LOUISE McCARTY

PEARL MARLOWE
LENA MARLOWE
BERTHA MAY
EMMA SUE MORRIS
LUCY MOORE
AGNES MANN

ELIZABETH PRIDE
GLADYS RENFRO
MACKIE ROGERS
SARAH RIVES
FRANCES SANDERS
BERTHA SANDERSON
JOSEPHINE WILLIS



DRAMATICS!

Dramatic Club

Officers

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MARY PERSINGER *Secretary and Treasurer*

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REBECCA CHANDLER
NELLE COTTEN
ETHEL MAE HIGHTOWER
MARY PERSINGER
SARAH RIVES
LILLIAN SHELBY



Oratory Class

Oratory Notes



THIS year of 1912, we consider a phenomenal one in the annals of oratory at Athens College. Aside from the fact that the class is quite a large one, there is the all-important fact that the number of girls taking diplomas is larger than ever before. The five girls who will receive diplomas have worked side by side from the Freshman class to the present, although the work of each one has entirely different characteristics.

The first recital of the present session, in which members of this department appeared, was a Kipling evening. This was given by the "diploma girls," and Miss Olive Echols, assisted by the Glee Club. The latter gave some beautiful numbers, "The Gypsy Trail," "Mandalay," and others.

The next appearance of the Oratory class was in a play given on Thanksgiving night—Gringoire—depicting French life in the sixteenth century. The name, Gringoire, will always bring certain recollections of "costumes" to the minds of those who took part. The costumes were ordered from a certain worthy costumer, and we waited, having perfect faith that they would safely arrive. Thanksgiving day arrived—no costumes! So, nothing to do but improvise. Anything and everything was utilized on that memorable afternoon—scissors, needles, thread, girls—for we certainly put every girl who seemed to be idle to work. But, after all, the audience couldn't sympathize with our hard work, for they really believed that the costumes had come, and saw no lack of "tailor-make" to them.

A very enjoyable play—"Up to Freddie"—was put on by the Athletic Association. This cast was composed of girls who had never "played" before. They were coached by the Oratory Instructor and Mary Persinger, one of the graduates in this department. These girls showed decided histrionic talent and ability.

The Senior class—a class of nine—gave a play of Colonial days, "Love Versus Philosophy." We are inclined to believe that their number had something to do with the great success of this play; that is, they must have been inspired by their guardian angels, the "nine muses."

The one certificate recital of the year was given by Lillian Shelby, and the variety of her work was well displayed. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's tragedy, "Mercedes," was rendered in a pleasing manner, and "The Spring Cleaning," a cutting from one of Myrtle Reed's books, was delightful.

The first diploma recital of the series was that of Mary Persinger. Vance's "The Fortune Hunter," which is charming to read, was decidedly more so when given with all the character painting of which Miss Persinger is capable. Her bent in this work is comedy and character work. Although she has variety, this branch is her forte.

The "Shepherd of the Hills," H. B. Wright's perfect picture of the Ozark Mountains, was beautifully read by Rebecca Chandler. She showed remarkable comprehension of the emotional depths which one so young as she could hardly have experienced.

On the evening of April 19, Miss Sarah Rives delighted her audience with her rendition of "The Servant in the House." This attractive story lost none of its charm in Miss Rive's excellent interpretation.

"The Climax," a play written by George Jones, is an interesting story in which the science of mental telepathy plays an important part. This was given especially well by Ethel Mae Hightower. She is unusually gifted in her portrayal of the Italian characters.

"The Piper," a play which won the New York Medal, was written by Josephine Preston Peabody. There are heights of emotions to be reached which are indeed as difficult as emotional depths. This mystical realm of emotion was exquisitely attained by Miss Nelle Cotten on the evening of her recital.

The great event with the Oratory girls is the Commencement play, and the effort of the class is to make it the *summum bonum* of the year. The play to be given May 26, is "The Taming of the Shrew." Being especially anxious to adhere to Shakespeare as nearly as possible, the leads were permitted to go to see "The Shrew" as played by Sothorn and Marlowe. This was quite an opportunity, and the girls benefited by the trip in such a way that great results were seen in the play.

"Oh! That Hat"

There hung a hat upon a wall
Upon an autumn day;
It lingered once, it lingered twice;
Nor was it laid away.

There came nine maids to view that hat
Upon a winter's day;
They trimmed it once; *they trimmed it twice*;
And then they crept away.

—Anon.

Music Certificate



N applicant for a certificate in music entered Miss McCandless' studio. Miss McCandless: "Yes, you can get a certificate in music easily if you will practice four hours every day, and do just as I tell you. You can not be in any plays, operettas and such. You must be willing to let your lessons go and just to work for music. You must first get your fingers in good shape. Make an arch with your hand, and strike with each finger four times going up and four times coming down. Understand? When you have done this for three weeks you will have a lovely arch. Understand?"

Three weeks later. Miss McC: "You have not been practicing well. You can not get a certificate if you don't get your technique up. Have you been going 'pump, pump, pump, pump up, and pump, pump, pump, pump down, every day?"

Girl: "Yes, ma'am."

Miss McC: "Well, you will have to get down to work. Understand?"

At the end of two months, the girl has taken a piece.

Miss McC: "Have you smashed that run?"

Girl: "Yes, ma'am."

Miss McC: "Have you leaped from one chord to another then made five finger exercises, pump, pump, pump, pump?"

Girl: "Yes, ma'am."

Miss McC: "Well, it ought to go, then. Play it for me." The girl plays it.

Miss McC: "Oh! my goodness! at the false notes! Do you think you can get a certificate playing like that? No ma'am! you can not!! You will have to take that and practice it by job lots, then real slow, counting one, two, three, four between each note. Understand?"

At the end of five months.

Miss McC: "Well, how is it coming? Play it for me. Yes, that sounds very well. Put a little more pedal on at the ending. You played it like you were afraid of it, there at the end. Understand? There, that's good; exactly right."

One week before the recital, after hearing the girl play the piece.

Miss McC: "Ha! Ho! Do you think I would let you get up and play that? No audience would listen to it. No, you can't give any recital. Look here! You have to take that piece by job lots and go pump, pump, pump, pump like everything. Understand?"

One hour before the recital.

Miss McC: "Well, dear, keep your head cool, keep saying the notes over to yourself. Think hard. Understand? Don't get scared! Understand?"

The recital is over and the girl having followed McCandless' directions gets her certificate.





Art Club

Mr. Frances Williams, Director

PUPILS

Gladys Oenfro

Eunice McDonald

Annie Buchanan

Katharine Wakston

Georgia Mores

Sung Hong Tsung

Odell Rochell

Aurora Kelly

Ada Swift Cox

Bertha Fleming

Jane McAlister

Mrs. Lizzie A. Taylor

Etta H. Moore

Jen Rives

Art Celebration



REATEST sensation of the day! A new mystery! The long Lost Mona Lisa is found! Can you guess where? I know you can't, so I will tell you. On the evening of January 20, 1912, we were up in the studio at the Annual Celebration given by the Art Club. Each person was dressed as a character of some famous old painting and had to pose like the figure in the picture. There were some really good representations, but we were startled to see the fascinating, sweetly smiling face of Mona Lisa appear in the frame. We wondered how the picture came to be there, and then we remembered that Besse Waldrop was representing Leonardo da Vinci's masterpiece.

Carrie Nichols and Vong Sung were Dante and Beatrice," by Scheffer; Annie Buchanan and Eunice McDonald, "Garret and His Wife," by Gainsborough; Ruth Burns and Josie McCaleb "Sisters," by Gainsborough; Carrie Berry, "Madonna and Child," by Bordenhauser; Hattie Berry, "Man with the Glove," by Titian; Miss Georgia Moore, "Laughing Cavalier," by Franz Hal; Rebecca Chandler, "Charles I," by Vandyk; Nelle Cotten, "Mrs. Siddons," by Gainsborough; Louise Crawford, "Duchess of Devonshire," by Gainsborough; Mrs. Taylor, "Nurse and Child," by Sir John Millais; Mary Scott Moore, "Penelope Boothy," by Rosmney; Lois Kennedy and Sarah McCaleb, "Ballet Dancers," by Millais; Florence Henderson, "Lost Piece of Money," by Millais; Miss Williams, "Old Woman and Parrot," by Franz Hal; Jen Rives, "Flora," by Titian; Kathouise Walston, "The Jester and the Lute," by Franz Hal.

A vote was taken to determine who had the best costume, and the prize, a copy of Watt's, "Sir Galahad," fell to Miss Walston.

After this feature of the evening was over, we were told to open some packages which we found on the tables. They held artistic hand-made books which contained prints of a number of famous paintings. The art director offered a prize to the one who could give the most names of the pictures and their painters. It was a tie between Misses Kennedy, McCaleb, Sarah McCaleb and Burns. Upon drawing straws, the prize, a beautiful hand-painted stein, fell to Miss Burns. After this a delicious orange salad was served, followed by hot chocolate and sandwiches. Punch was served throughout the evening.



Orchestra

MISS NELLE SMITH, Director.
 MISS MARY PITTMAN
 JESSIE GRANSCOMB
 MAMIE CRUTCHER

MARY CLEMENTS
 MADLINE McDANIEL
 MARY SCOTT MOORE
 SALLIE McCALEB
 JOSEPHINE WILLIS

CLARICE BURTON
 MAUD WISE KENNEDY
 GLADYS PETTUS
 CASSIE BELLE ROBINSON





SPECIAL CERTIFICATE





Domestic Science Dining Room

The Call of Alma Mater

I am greeting for my lassies,
For my ~~bonnie~~ lassies, gay,
Wha hae wandered frae my shelter,
Tae the world's rude ~~field and~~ fray.

Fu' three score years I've watched them ~~go~~
~~Drifting~~ frae my ancient halls;
Mair than three score ~~cruel~~ pairings,
Frae within these ~~ancient~~ walls.

There's the lassies o' the Forties,
Wi' their ~~dainty~~ mincin' gait;
And their curls that made each laddie's ~~heart~~
Wi' ~~love~~ to palpitate.

There's my lassies o' the Fifties,
In their hoop-~~skirts~~ and ~~then~~ pokes,
In their dimples and their blushes,
~~Shy~~ peepin' at the folks.

And the lassies o' the Sixties,
In their gowns o' ~~dainty~~ white,
Bravely waitin' for their luvvers,
Fighting for their ~~country's~~ right

And the lassies o' the Seventies, —
~~And the~~ Eighties, I can tell
By their peals o' girlish laughter,
Ringing out like ~~silver~~ bells

My bairnies of two decades ~~past~~
'Twas only yestere'en
Sin' linked arm in arm they walked
About the campus green.

~~Sin'~~ lang syne weel I ken that some ~~face~~
~~Hae~~ slept aneath the grass,
And silver hair and furrowed brow
Mair change each ~~bonny~~ lass.

But though ~~the~~ hair be silvered,
And the brow be lined wi' care,
Tae Alma Mater's loving heart,
Ye're ~~still~~ her bairnies fair.

Sae come back to Alma Mater,
Fu' a thousand daughters ye,
Come come back, my bonnie lassies,
Come come back, ~~come back~~ tae me.

ANON.

Alumnae Association

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MISS BLANCHE BINFORD.....	1906	MISS JESSYE BRANSCOMB.....	1909
MISS LUCIA BARCLIFT.....	1906	MISS ISOLA BARCLIFT	1908
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MRS. MATTIE E. YARBROUGH.....1887
MISS OZIE YORK.....1910

College Daffydils

If Lois is bright is Maude Wise?

If Rebecca loves Mary Ruth, does she love Etta Moore?

If Alma should come to see Etta could Esther Barrett.

If Kathouise should keep on dancing would you say Kathouise Walston?

If Mary Clements is fat is Madeline?

If Ruth has courage has Elizabeth Pride.

If Miss Fleming reported you, I wonder if Miss Pearl Sawyer?

If Lula Mae is stylish is Marie Toney?

/ If her father should come would you send Birdie Word?

If you do not love me, I think Bertha May.

If Zella is tall is Irene Lowe?

If Marie is Weak is Ethel Strong?

You may correct us, but let Maggie Pettus.

If Sarah is near is Winifred Farr?

If Nelle is foot is Lillian Head?

If Clelie is old is Johnnie Young?

If Mrs. Murrah can make two dresses in a day can Lucy Taylor Moore?

If Agnes teases does Lola Guy?

If Etta bends does Inez Coyle?

If Bessie Levie should borrow another one of Donie's dresses what would Donie Ware?

If Annie loves Jim does Lucretia Henry?

If Sarah has linen dresses has Nell Cotten?

If Florence has kid Gloves has Leah Lyle?

Diploma Recital

Playing, Fiddling and Elocuting.

MISSSES HATTIE HINDS, ROBINSON AND MANN.
No assistance necessary.

Saturday Evening, April 1, 1912, 5:30 o'clock.

Programme

PART I.

- (a) Key....."Scaredso."
(b) Schnellecheren "My Papa's Waltz."
Miss Hattie Hinds.

Wordsworth.....Three Years She Grew
Lady Shelby.....A Leap Year Proposal
Miss Agnes Mann.

TeufelsdröckhOne, Two, Three March
BurtonCheese Waltz
Miss C. B. Robinson.

PART II.

Beethoven "Steamboat Bill."
Schuman..... "All That I Ask Is Love."
Jordan Sonata.....Little Pig Went to Market
Miss Hattie Hinds.

Miss McCandless' Oblagata..... "Turkey in the Straw."
Chicken Reel with variations.
Miss Cassie Robinson.

Shakespeare.....Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star
Mary C. Pittman.....Mary Had a Little Lamb
Miss Agnes Mann.

Certificate Recital

Horn, Jewsharp and Singing.

MISSSES ARCHIBALD, EUBANK AND JORDAN.
Accompanied by the Accordeon.
Miss BATSON.

Tuesday Evening, February 31, 1912, 8:30 o'clock.

Programme

PART I.

S. McCaleb.....Cradle Song
Davenport Lullaby
Miss Archibald.

Scottsky.....Solo, "Home, Sweet Home."
L. Kennedy
Miss Batson.

B. Levie.....Clegg's Medleys
C. Berry.....Yellow Rose Waltz
Miss Eubank.

PART II.

A. Wiggs.....I Love You Dearly
Miss Archibald.

Sophomore English.....Ode—Intimation of Im-orality
A. Striplin.....Good-bye, My Lover, Good-bye
Miss Jordan.

M. Johns.....Bugle Song
PriceGrasshopper Serenade
Miss Eubank.



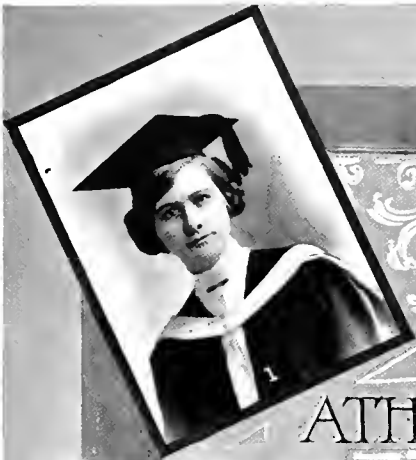
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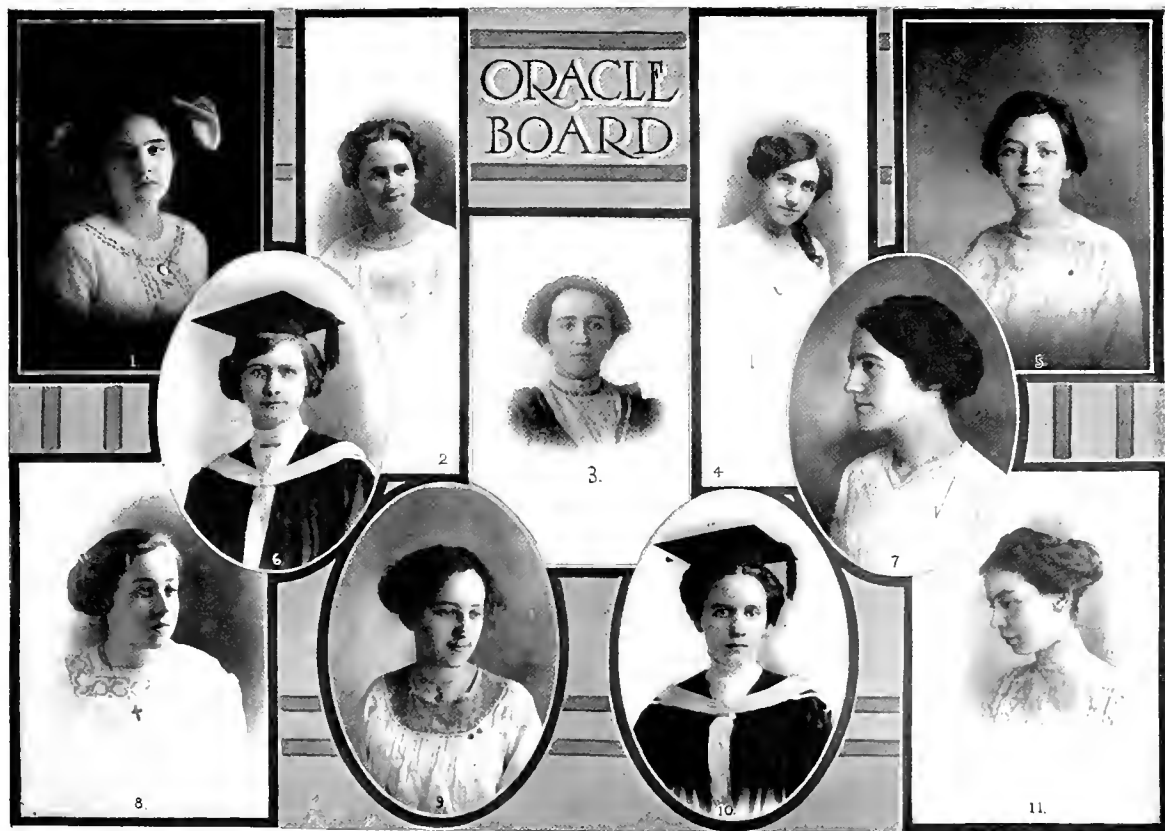


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Yells

"Nigger! Nigger!" hoe potatoe,
Half past sall-e-gater!
Sis Boom Bullegater!
Chica-wah chah!
Athens! Athens!
Rah! Rah! Hab!

Strawberry short cake,
Huckleberry pie,
V-I-C-T-O-R-Y.

Ricker, Racker, firecracker,
Athens is a crackerjacker,
Racker Ricker, Jacker cracker,
Athens is a firecracker.

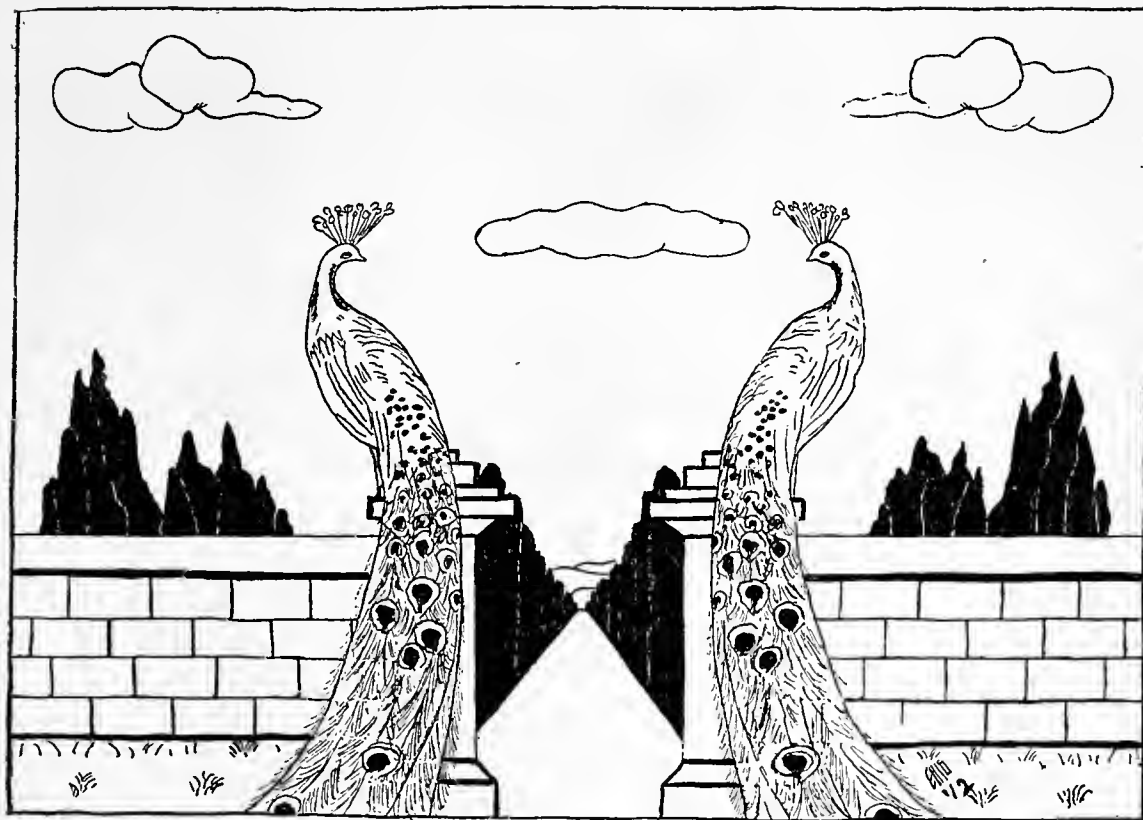
And a' vevo and a' vivo
A' vevo, vivo, yum,
Boom! get a rat trap
Bigger'n a cat trap,
Boom! get a cat trap
Bigger'n a rat trap,
Cannibal, cannibal,
Sis boom bah!
Athens, Athens,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rackety-yac-yac-yac,
Rackety-yac-yac-yac,
Zip-rah! Zip-rah!
Here we are! Here we are!
Athens!

Who's goin' to win-win?
Who's goin' to win-win?
Who's goin' to win-win?
Wow!
We're goin' to win-win!
We're goin' to win-win!
We're goin' to win-win!
How!
Easy!

Rip-rah! Rip-rah!
Rip-rah Ram!
Don't give a— Don't give a—
Dingo! Hurrah! Ray!
Basketball! All O. K.!

Ricker-chicker! Boom!
Ricker-chicker! Boom!
Ricker-chicker! Ricker-chicker!
Boom! Boom! Boom!
Who? Rah! Rah!
Who? Rah! Rah!
Athens! Athens!
Sis! Boom! Bah!



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MOOTIE LU BUCHANAN	METHYLE JORDAN	BIRDIE WORD
CARRIE BERRY	LOIS KENNEDY	MARIE WITT
HATTIE BERRY	MAUD WISE KENNEDY	DONA WARE
MARY COLLIER	PEARLE MARLOWE	LOUISE WHITTEN
LYDA COWDEN	LENA MARLOWE	JOSIE THOMAS
VERA CARLTON	EMMA SUE MORRIS	MAE COFFMAN
EUNICE CLEGG	AGNES MANN	JESSIE McDONALD
ELSIE CRAWFORD	CARRIE NICHOLS	MARY PERSINGER
MARIA DAVENPORT	GLADYS PETTUS	CLELIE McWILLIAMS
ANNA DINSMORE	ELIZABETH PRIDE	GLADYS YOUNG
EMILY IRVINE	CASSIE BELLE ROBINSON	JOHNNIE YOUNG
AGNIS IRVINE	BERTHA SANDERSON	VIVIAN CARTER
OLIVE ECHOLS	LILLIAN SHELBY	SADIE GRIFFITH
MAGGIE GRIFFITH	SALLIE SMITH	SALLIE B. MALONE
CORINNE GRIGSBY	PEARL TABOR	OLIVIA CARLSON
ANNIE HINDS	ALICE TABOR	SARAH MONROE
LULA HATCHETT	ELIZABETH VANN	ESTELLE FLOYD
FLORENCE HENDERSON	LINNA VANN	HARRIETT ZURMEHL
	MAE WILLIAMS	

Y. W. C. A.

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ATHLETICS

Athletic



Officers



Athletic Association

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MERLE BATSON		MAUDE WISE KENNEDY
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MOOTIE SU BUCHANAN		LOUISE LAWLER
LOUISE BEASLEY		BESSIE LEVIE
CLARICE BURTON	ETHEL STRONG	JOSIE THOMAS
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BESSIE HINDS		LULA MAE SHIRLEY
HATTIE HINDS		INA SMITH
LUCRETIA HENRY		ADDIE STRIPLIN



Varsity Basketball Team

MARY KEY

ESTHER BARRETT

BESSIE LEVIE

ZELLA McWHORTER

LULA MAE SHIRLEY



Senior Basketball Team

MAGGIE GRIFFITH

MARY KEY

EUNICE McDONNOLD

SADIE STURDIVANT

ANNA DINSMORE



Junior Basketball Team

ESTHER BARRETT

JOSIE McCALLEN

BESSIE LEVIE

ZELLA McWHORTER

RUTH JACOBS



Sophomore Basketball Team

ELIZABETH PRIDE

RUTH ANDERSON

ENNIS MATTHEWS

LULA MAE SHIRLEY

LENA TERRY



Freshman Basketball Team

SALLIE McCALEB MAE JOHNS MAUD WISE KENNEDY MAMIE GATLIN MARIE TONEY



Senior Tennis Club

ANNA DINSMORE
MAGGIE GRIFFITH
MARY KEY
PEARL MARLOWE
EUNICE McDONNOLD
ANNIE BUCHANAN
SADIE STURDIVANT
MARY PERSINGER
KATHOUSE WALSTON



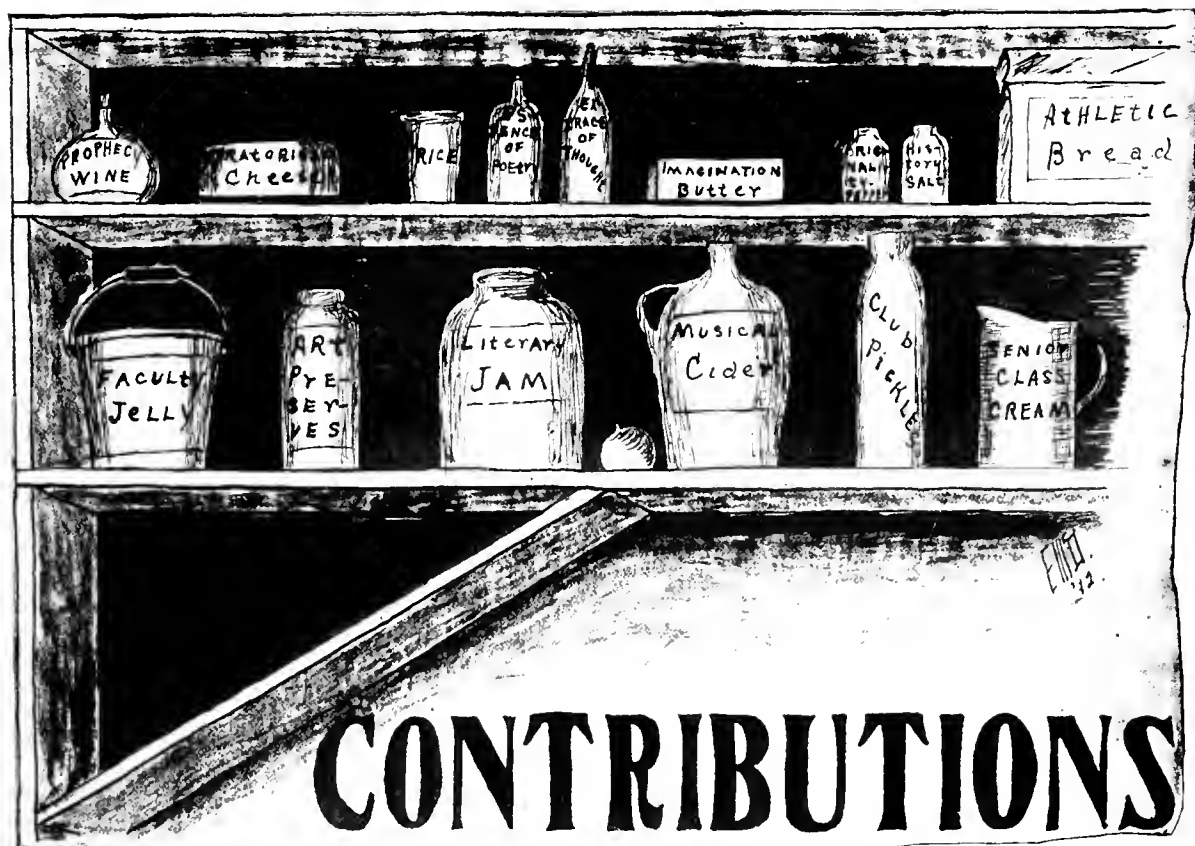
Training Table

ZELLA McWHORTER
VIVIAN CARTER
BESSE LEVIE
ESTHER BARRETT
SALLIE McCALEB

JOSIE McCALEB
EUNICE McDONNOLD
ANNA DINSMORE
SADIE STURDIVANT
MAMIE GATLIN
RUTH ANDERSON

ELIZABETH PRIDE
LULA MAE SHIRLEY
ENNIS MATTHEWS
RUTH JACOBS
MAUD WISE KENNEDY
LENA TERRY

MAGGIE GRIFFITH
MARY KEY
MARIE TONEY
MISS JENNINGS, *Director*
MISS PITTMAN



Miscellaneous

The Oracle Board wishes to express its appreciation
for material assistance from the following contribu-
tors :

SADIE STURDIVANT
CLARICE BURTON
ETHEL MAE HIGHTOWER
ANNA DINSMORE
MAGGIE GRIFFITH
JOSIE McCALEB
LUCRETIA HENRY
SALLIE McCALEB
OLA COSPER
BERTHA MAY
METHYLE JORDAN
MISS MARY N. MOORE
RUTH BURNS
MILDRED SIERROD
ART.
METHYLE JORDAN

When room bell rang they quickly went to their rooms, thinking no one was the wiser. But— the matron had rather a keen sense of smell and started out on a search. When she discovered the cause of the odor she decided to keep quiet about it until the President returned. The girls felt very much excited over the matter, and told all the girls in their "set."

Everyone thought it was a rich joke, and congratulated the girls.

More than one girl felt the blood run cold in her veins when, on Monday morning, the President asked, "who were the young ladies engaged in stealing chickens (with emphasis on 'stealing') on Saturday?" These must report to her office immediately after chapel exercises.

Every girl thought this meant five expelled girls, but after two hours of good, earnest talking, the President dismissed them with the limit of demerits and said, "I will be merciful this time, because you have told me the truth."

SALLIE MCCALED.

A Reverie

Last night I stood by my window
And gazed in the heavens above,
Where trillions of stars were gathered—
Golden tokens of God's love.

'Twas their sovereign they awaited,
Queen Moon with her raiment white;
And I saw her rise among them,
And enter her kingdom—Night.

They were waiting and watching for someone,
You could tell by their listening look,
And th' expectant hush that pervaded
The smallest starry nook.

This thought came as I watched them,
This queen and her subjects bright;
"Will we be found ready and waiting
When comes our King of Light?"

"Will our souls be loyal and shining,
Like the wee, throbbing jewels of the sky?
Will our lamps be burning brightly,
When the Bridegroom passes by?"

MILDRED SHERROD.

Echoes from an Oracle Board Meeting

"Now, let me tell you something girls, this Oracle has just got to go off next Saturday," said Kathonise, the Editor-in-Chief. "Well, I will do my part, but I think it is time for some of the others to do something, don't you?"

"I certainly do," was the reply received.

"This is not helping, so let's get to work," said Kathouise. "Mary, suppose you write the 'Daffodils,' and Elizabeth, you copy the Junior class roll."

"Let Toney write the Junior class, and be sure to give them some knock."

"I want to write something that is more interesting," was Elizabeth's reply; and she began to work at copying a story.

"Give me something to copy," said Ruth. "You give me a pen and I won't worry you any more."

"Tell me is this 'Daffodil' all right, 'If Lula Mae is stylish is Marie Toney?'"

"Oh, that's cute," said one of the girls.

"But let somebody else be stylish," said Marie. "Etta won't like for me to be with Lula Mae."

"She won't know it till you are at home, and she can't help herself then," put in Pearl.

"Tell me a quotation for Esther Barrett. I can't find anything to suit her," said Marie, who was leaning over a volume of quotations.

"Oh, anything will do for a Junior," was an echo heard.

"Where is Annie? She has not been here tonight," someone asked.

"I think she is trying to collect Oracle money," was Mary's reply.

"I am so sleepy, I am nearly dead," said Mary Whitman, who had been buried in some papers.

"I suspect it is about time for us to stop, for Miss Pittman does not approve of us working too late."

Experiments

RUTH ANDERSON.

Experiment 102.

Dangerous! Amateurs must take special care. In a strong wash-cylinder, weighing from 6 to 9 lbs. put 45 gr. timidity (?), 45 gr. powdered study, and a strong solution of skipping quoins dissolved in 120 cc. freedom acid. Heat to boiling. Collect the gas under bell jars. You have a strong atmosphere of adventure that will soon break down into its elements when Moore's rule for decomposition is applied. Results: dilute punctuality + (perfect order) (?).

ELIZABETH PRIDE.

Experiment 150.

Set up apparatus as in Experiment 102. In flask put 57° goat voice mixed with 19 gr. friendliness; heat and add 65 cc. concentrated frolic-acid. Close flask with air tight cork with one tube leading to the long-tube R. Place over the lower end of this tube a close fitting flask C. Heat the solutions in A to 650°. The gas that distils over is a strong acid called authority. Keep water running over the flask containing this acid to keep it cool. After the gas has been removed, the solution found in the small flask C will be found to have base forming properties of this composition: 2 parts sweet disposition to 1 part beauty.

H. McCARY.

Experiment 119.

This experiment requires caution. A careless worker should not be permitted to perform it. Arrange apparatus as shown in Fig. 50. In flask B put 100 cc. of joking salt and about 5 grms of conceit; boil. Then pour solution into three tubes. Into one pour 5cc acetic-acid, into another 16 cc of laughing gas. Into the third 20 cc romantic acid. Test with litmus. Notice unusual results.

CLARICE BURTON.

Experiment 155.

Into a substantial vessel put 1 gram of foolishness, 50 cc. of moderately strong mind. After a few hours pour off the solution. Collect the powder. Then to 6 grams of "rosin" add 20 gr. of energy. Mix with a solution of good humor. Pour off solution; collect powder; mix solutions with 15 cc. ability and notice escaping fumes.

LUCRETIA HENRY.

Experiment 63.

Use apparatus given in Fig 42. After the application of comb and brush, add a braid 27 in. long, safely fastened with long hair pins. When enough powder has been added to hide Ms. complexion, watch reaction. Then add an artificial grin. Do not inhale! This is meant only for teachers.

MILDRED SHERROD.

Experiment 65.

In a well ventilated room burn 60 grams of good humor and 100 gr. laughing gas (beware of hot air). On a watch glass put a drop of patience; add hard study; notice the fumes.

Keep the prescription for the product in goodness used for E. V. E. R. Y. Body.

LILLIAN SHELBY.

Experiment 68.

In a small heavy flask mix 110 cc. modesty, 25 cc. sweet temper. Put in air tight cork, with two tubes, one placed in a flask containing love, the other into an evaporating dish of studiousness. Heat the first solution to 45°. Notice the atmosphere after standing for 15 minutes.

SADIE STURDIVANT.

Experiment 70.

In a tall cylinder carefully combine two large brown eyes, a large mouth, good complexion. Heat gently, as boiling point is easily reached. Instead of litmus paper, notice the effect of this compound on one of the Kennedy solutions.

OLA COSPER.

Experiment 79.

In a flask put a few coils of hair that has been heated to red heat 750°. Add strong solution of gab-with-nothing-to-say. When cooled to freezing point—117°—add a long stick of red phosphorus character and measure the rapid increase in temperature. Cork up in air-tight bottle and let out gradually when things grow dull.

ESTHER BARRETT.

Experiment 82.

In a strong granite vessel put 420 grams independence; add 75 gr. unnecessary words; mix until in fine powder. Add 60 cc careless acid. Collect the fumes under water. Caution! Do not bring a match near the bottles after filled. This gas is extremely explosive. Place in one bottle a red stick of desire for fame. Into another insert a blue stick of popularity; into a third bring a normal lukewarm phenolphthalein solution. These experiments should be performed under a hood. Some chemical changes are too strong for the eyes.

Experiment 44.

To a few drops of silence add 50 grams of a strong solution of love, stir well, then notice the result. In another vessel. to two parts pure wit add three parts concentrated good humor. Mix the two solutions and see— Mary Key.

BIRDIE WORD.

Experiment 23.

Arrange apparatus as shown in 42, omitting nothing. Properties: three large tubes of eyebrow paint E. (L. B.)₂, three boxes of roseline P. (L. P.)₄, powder any kind, several good brushes, two extra large mirrors. In large evaporating dishes mix separately B (E. P.)₂ with dilute smearing-acid and with

P (L. P.)₄ mix a strong solution of toilet water. Combine the solutions and add chamois with any amount of powder. Watch precipitates.

KATHOUISE WALSTON.

Experiment 81.

Arrange an apparatus that will stand the most nervous shock. Place in a beaker one old Oracle dissolved by 120 cc of concentrated thought-acid. Set aside to cool. In another beaker put 76 gr. of solid energy mixed with 50 gr. of powdered ability, then add rapidly a strong solution of photography. Combine these two and heat, the reaction reads—

Old Oracle₄ + papers₂₀₀₀ (photography)₃ + assistance₂₄ + patience₀ = New Oracle, + Kathonise Walston $\frac{1}{2}$ (by-product.)

ABBIE WIGGS.

Experiment 94.

Apparatus same as 42. Prepare in two separate vessels.

In a dry test tube mix 24 gr. desire of Neva with 14 gr. petty ambitions. (Heat slowly or beware of the tube.) Before a mirror the second division of the experiment must be tried. Combine 14-times-daily-hair-dressing mixed with six different makes of chewing gum. Heat this over a hot fire. Combine the two solutions and collect gas. Do not inhale!

The Girl and the Game



E was from the country and no one at school had ever noticed him until the football season opened and the choosing of the teams began; then, when the boys were each told to perform his best "acts" before the new coach it was seen that Dick Evans, the backwoods boy, would be made captain, for there wasn't a fellow in the crowd that could match him in size or strength. Of course the position as captain was an honor, and many of the old boys had longed and hoped that this privilege might be theirs.

There was no envy shown, however, when Dick was pronounced "Captain." Everybody shook his hand in congratulation and best wishes for a successful year.

As the days passed, and many of the games played by the boys were lost, the thought of getting another captain came to some of them, but each knew that Dick Evans had done his best and very little was said about it.

Just one word too many had been said about it, however, for Dick had heard of it, and one morning just before chapel he came upon a group of boys, and he noticed that everyone hushed when he approached. "Boys, it isn't a secret any longer. I've heard all about how you want a new captain, and I can't blame you. All I have to say is, Choose him, for I am captain no longer. I did my best, and with all my heart I wish you good luck."

Without waiting for an answer he turned and entered the chapel.

Weeks passed, and the team had lost every game. Everything seemed to fall to pieces since Dick resigned, but there was no getting him back. Dick Evans could not be caught twice in the same trap.

He studied harder than before; was seldom seen except with some professor; sometimes at noon he would join the boys for a few minutes on the front gallery.

Thanksgiving was coming and then the season would be over. The team had played thirty-eight games and won only ten. They were going to play the strongest team in the club on that day and they knew it meant certain defeat unless Dick could be persuaded to take his old place. This he refused to do.

"Suppose we get the girls to ask him," said Billy Stykes, just about a week before the day of the game.

"I will ask him," answered Patty Lightfoot, a dark-eyed little girl of perhaps seventeen years. "Dick has always been so kind, and I know he will do this when he sees how badly we need him."

That afternoon on her way home, Patty did ask him, "Dick, we need you so," she pleaded. "Have you lost all the love you once had for our team? I just know we will win if you play. Those other boys just can't defeat us any more. Do you promise me you will, just for my sake, Dick, won't you; because I want you to?"

"Patty, little girl, you don't realize how the boys treated me, but for your sake I will help them if I see they need me. I wasn't worthy to be their captain, but you believe I did my best, don't you, Pat?"

"Why, certainly, Dick. I never have thought otherwise, and now I can take them the joyful tidings tomorrow that Dick has come back to us."

"No, Patty, you must not do that; the boys must never know I intend to help them until they need me. I will be there so that when they call I can come."

They were at her gate now, and as she took her books from Dick's hand she saw how strangely handsome his face was, and she wondered why she had never noticed this before.

The afternoon before Thanksgiving came all the boys were in a hustle to get on the field to practice, and this evening the girls were going to watch them.

"Well, Billy," said Fred Avert, "seems like we are going to have to face them without Dick, he just won't come over."

Let him go, we are sure to lose; but it might kill us to win, we haven't won in so long," replied Billy. "But you know I thought sure Patty could bring him over, for he just idolizes that girl, and gee! boy, when she starts to pleading with me, I just tumble; but— Billy Stykes isn't Dick Evans," he added.

When the practicing was over, and everyone was leaving the field, Patty Lightfoot made the announcement that she would give a prize made by her own hands to the champion of the field tomorrow.

Every boy resolved more than ever to do his best, for Patty was the favorite of the school, and there wasn't a boy on that team who was not half in love with her.

At 3 o'clock next day the coach had taken his place upon the field, and in a very short while the game would begin. Patty looked anxiously among them for Dick, but he was not to be seen, and she began to believe as the rest did that he had deserted them.

The first half was played without a score being made on either side, and now the last half of the last game of the season was about to begin. Dick was nowhere to be found, and Patty's heart sank within her when she saw her "quarterback" knocked to the ground senseless.

There was not another anywhere to take his place. What could they do? Just as they were bearing the wounded boy from the field, Dick Evans walked out and took his place. Every eye was on him, and there was whispering here and there of the way he had acted. Only Patty knew, and she smiled to herself and said nothing.

The game was now intense. The opposing team was about to make a "touchdown." Excitement ran high. Only Patty could not join in. Something kept saying that Dick was in his old place and they must not lose. When the opponents had carried the ball almost to their goal, our boys held them and they were forced to kick. Dick got the ball; he made for our goal. Not one of them could stop him. Straight ahead he came, and just a moment before the referee said, "Time is up," he brought the ball safely past the goal, making the only score of the game.

That night when Dick went to receive his prize, Patty met him at the gate. "Dick, I knew you could, and I am so proud of you," she said. "And I have your prize. only I won't give it to you just yet."

There is no use in my telling you what Dick and Patty said to each other that night. I will leave that for you

to guess. But at ten, when Dick rose to go, Patty followed him to the steps. "You have forgotten your reward, haven't you, Dick?" she asked as he stood on the step below her. "Patty, I have thought of so much to-night I had almost forgotten it. But dear, where is it?"

"Dick, it isn't anything after all. If another boy had won I was going to make him a box of fudge, or something, but you see— I love you, and so it's just this." She stooped and gently kissed the boy, whispered, "good-night, dear," and was gone.

MARIE TONEY, '15.

If—

If all the skies were sunshine,
Our faces would be fain
To feel once more upon them
The cooling splash of rain.

If all the world were music,
Our hearts would often long
For one sweet strain of silence
To break the endless song.

If life were always merry,
Our souls would seek relief
And rest from weary laughter
In the quiet arms of grief.

I'm Asked for a Poem

We Sophomores have many a task
Of reading French and working Trig;
And Oh, that Latin, how we must dig.
But biggest of all are our English tasks.

It's mem'rize this and mem'rize that,
Or its, "Next time, please write a theme,"
Or paragraphs have lately seemed
To take the place of all of that.

But worst of all, we're asked for a poem,
It seems so hard, I almost cry,
But yet I know that I must try,
So this is what I'll show 'em.



1912

Diary of an Athens College Mirror



AM so tired living in a boarding school," said a mirror one calm evening the first of September. "I have been here for twelve years and so lonesome I do not know what to do. In a few days those girls will all be back again, and some are so cruel; they make fun of my cracked face and call me ugly names. I wonder if many of the dressers that use to be with me are in such awful places of responsibility as I am. I have so many secrets, and I can tell them to no one. But now I have that darling Rose over there in that corner. I used to have just lots and lots of roses for friends, but they gradually faded away, then died; and I had none until Mrs. Murrah made them take down a shelf not long ago, and under it was a pretty new rose, and we are going to live together this year as intimate friends. I used to be beautiful, when I lived at Hood and Wheeler's in Birmingham, Ala. People used to look at me and smile in admiration. I feel sorry for you, Rosie, dear, you can't see a thing from that corner. The train has come in and the girls will be here soon. I do wonder who we will have this year. I am going to keep a diary, I think, so I can read it next summer in those hot, lonesome evenings."

September 20.—Oh! my poor face has been criticised so much. I have been called old, horrid, and all such insulting things. Poor girls cry, because they are so homesick. Perhaps that's why they abuse me with such names.

September 21.—I feel really proud today. I have been dressed up in pretty linens, silver, cut glass, and oh, so many pictures and little things. They washed my face and polished it and fixed up the walls of the room. What fun Rose and I had listening at the girls talking of their beaux.

September 30.—I enjoyed hearing the girls talk of the football game. I wish Miss Conley would come in so I could see her; they say she was so good. Wouldn't I laugh again to see the girl with that plumed hat!

October 13.—We had a lot of company, and one girl was impudent enough to say that she couldn't look nice in that old cracked, broken mirror. No wonder she couldn't look nice, she was so ugly it almost made me want to cry.

October 27.—Girls all went to the Fair. They dressed, primped, powdered, and painted before my face and smiled and turned on other poses and smiled until I really wished my mission were to flatter folks rather than to show them exactly what they look like. Still, if I am cracked, I am no hypocrite. I always make people appear to themselves just the same as they do to other people. I heard them say Miss Moore went on a wheel that went away up in the air where everyone could see them, and some one said some gentleman was with her! Rose says it's a Ferris Wheel. Miss Pittman and Miss Branscomb rode some horses in the show. It must have been exciting. I can't imagine them on horses.

October 31.—Such awful-looking people as were dressed this night for the Hallowe'en party to be given in the gymnasium at Brown Hall. It was almost like war times to see so many ghosts everywhere. Often I heard screams of fright or of merriment from the girls in the hall, and I wanted to see what was going on.

November 1.—My girls have received a box from home and are planning for a feast tonight. I know they will have a good time, and I will finish writing as soon as the feast is over.

November 2.—I'm so sleepy I can't hold my eyes open hardly I watched so long. When the supper bell rang everyone went to eat, but before long five or six girls slipped back with their arms full of eatables and hid them in all the secret corners they could find. Oh, I was so curious just to know what everything was in those old bundles. But they didn't come up at once, but went to prayers. They had been skipping, but I guess they decided they had better go to prayers and leave only one thing mean to be done in this evening. When they did come they had mail that had to be read, and still the bundles were not opened. Surely they have forgot about it I thought. As one girl was down on her knees ready to reach under the bed a teacher came in, and still I couldn't see those things.

After light bell.—Rose and I were disturbed from our sleep by loud whisperings of many girls. The feast was beginning. When all were in, they turned on the light and covered the doors and windows with quilts. More secrets were told as they ate the delicious things. They ate and ate until it was so late most of them stayed all night and didn't go to their rooms, I think, for I went to sleep myself, then.

November 7.—The crowd comes to see my girls and plan to have a wedding the next week. Preparations are to be made for this occasion; they have made out the list. I think I know the names, so will write them now, because they will not look natural when they are dressed so pretty. Some I haven't ever seen, but I remember the names: Priest, Father R. Jacobs; his attendant, Mary Whitman; pianist, Annie Hinds; groom, Von Sung; best man, Rebecca Ebbert; bride, Sallie Sturdivant; father of bride, Annie Buchanan; maid of honor, Emma Sue Morris; bridesmaids, Elizabeth Pride, Josephine Willis, Mary Key, Mary Spencer; flower girl, Little Miss Bessie Levie; ring bearer, Mrs. Mann's baby, Agnes; ushers for two aisles, Bess Jones, Kathouise Walston, Ruth Burns, Mildred Sherrod. I am so eager for the night to come.

November 12.—I have been so nervous. They are at the wedding now. They practiced once in here, and they were so pretty and so well matched in size (?).

November 16.—The Bagley's have new shoes that talk as they cross the floor.

November 23.—"Queen of Sheba" comes out in a new bright dress, gets so many compliments.

Thanksgiving Day.—So dressed up is everybody. I have been pushed up and down and turned so my girls could see how they looked.

December 1.—The room full of girls skipping study hall. I can't tell them to go back nor can I report them. They talk of going home for Xmas; some are embroidering.

December 11.—I heard some girls talking just outside the door. Then they came in. "Are you going to wear your little yellow dress tonight, honey?" "No, do you want it?"

"How did you guess it. Now, if you want to wear it I can wear an old one of mine." "Oh, thank you, you don't know how much I appreciate it." Then in a few minutes another came to get her red dress. I just wondered what Miss Moore would say if she knew what I knew of girls borrowing dresses.

December 15.—"Rose, did you hear what Anna Dinsmore said she and Mary Key did? I wonder which it really was, an old hen or a frying size chicken they—bought (???)

December 19.—Everybody has been packing all day.

December 21.—Lonesome. Girls all gone home.

January 2.—Rose and I again are happy; we enjoy seeing our girls have a good time.

January 4.—All come in to see new Xmas presents and tell of the parties.

January 6.—My head really aches. I have heard Oracle! Oracle! Oracle! all day, and here it is late at night, and they are still talking it. I do wish they would get it off to press.

January 9.—Things are so dull and lonesome just after Xmas that the girls have planned to have a funeral, using Miss Jackson's skirt box for a casket. I shall not get to see this, because they say mirrors must be covered at a funeral.

January 12.—I miss so many things. I was asleep while those girls were in here, but I do remember they said, "Did you ever see a Pride in automobiles?" I don't understand.

January 14.—Some girls skipped Sunday-school and hid under the bed when a teacher came in to see where they were. So many had skipped it was noticeable.

January 17.—Talking Oracle in this room; can't decide on picture man. Oh!

January 23.—I saw the girls pair off and step over the room to music. Of course I couldn't say they were dancing—wasn't room (?).

January 24.—Exams. begin. I am awakened every morning at 3:30 or 4:00 by alarm clocks going off. Girls have to "cram" for exams. I have learned you should always take your time in Miss Hoefer's math. exams. She loves her classes so much that she gives them six-hour exams., feeds them candy, ice cream, and then chaperones them to the picture show.

January 30.—New girl came today. Is she a cripple?

January 31.—Oracle sold sandwiches.

February 2.—Pearl Marlowe and Lillian Shelby give their recital.

February 4.—Another skipping Sunday.

February 7.—Feast at Brown Hall.

February 9.—Girls go to "Up to Freddie." I wonder why it was that some one stayed under the umbrella so long—and they said the little actor said a few lines only loud enough for a few that were close to hear. "Rose, did they say Ruth Burns was primping and Ruth and Elizabeth pushed each other in?"

February 10.—Snow on the ground. My girls can't get out.

February 11.—Girls have to go to church. Mrs. Taylor won't let them stay at home.

February 14.—Teachers have a Valentine party in the parlors; girls have a big time in our room playing rook and eating.

February 15.—We could hear Alabama Glee Club boys singing, and I heard such an awful noise later down in the library; seemed everyone was laughing their heartiest; later I found out that tall Mr. Bradley had walked the length of the library with little Miss Pearson, Junior.

February 16.—My girls primp for the teachers' recital.

February 21.—Mr. Moore came. Our boisterous Kathouise was quieted by his arrival. Several pictures were made.

February 22.—As usual, George had his birthday today.

February 23.—Mary P. gave her recital. I hear some girls preparing their room for a flashlight, but someone comes in to tell my girls they can't have it. Why, I wonder?

March 1.—Seniors had their class day. We saw all kinds of funny things going on. That night the Rose saw from her place the Seniors on the campus yelling and singing.

March 8.—Rebecca Chandler and Anna Dinsmore gave their recital.

March 11.—I saw some girls pass our door on the way to Faculty meeting.

March 15.—All my nice girls are painted up to look like Japs. They are in an operetta. Don't I wish I could go down!

March 16.—Miss Branscomb gets some "chorus" shoes.

March 17.—I saw the funniest sight. Some girls came in to show my girls how well Miss Jennings slept in church.

March 26.—Exams. begin. I have to go through the same thrilling experience of getting up so early.

April 1.—I will not put anything down in my diary of this. I felt so sorry for some people that had to go up and down stairs so often.

April 7.—Easter! and what a time the poor girlies had fixing their collars and ties. I held my face perfectly still to help them all I could. Poor Miss Louise Moore's celebrated table started out with its noted actions, having a great deal of fun and dropping things on the floor. Sometimes I wish I could go down to the dining room and live, such strange things happen there. I would like to have seen Miss Pittman making the green rooster crow and heard the other (????!?!?) answer.

April 8.—The Oracle goes to press tomorrow, and oh! I've cried and cried all night because I heard Kathouise say she knew I had kept this dairy, and she had found it out, and I can't write any more. So, farewell, old Diary. I wish you a safe journey, and don't forget who wrote you, and don't forget my darling friend, little Rosebud, left on the wall for me.

CLARICE BURTON, '14.

When the Teachers Served



It is customary at Athens College for some eight or ten girls to volunteer to attend to the serving of supper on Sunday evenings. This affords relief to those who serve throughout the week, and opportunities for domestic indulgence and a visit to the pantry to the volunteers.

As the familiar thump, thump, thump, of a spoon handle sounded through the dining hall, everything became so still that you could hear a pin drop on the floor. The President arose as usual to request volunteers for this particular evening. Eager girls raised their hands. Miss Moore's smile foretold something different for this occasion. At the suggestion of one teacher, noted for living to eat, she appointed teachers to serve. They did not seem to object when each found that her friend was to serve also.

As the clock struck five the members of the Faculty calmly walked down the back stairs, each arranged in her prettiest apron. After a little trouble at getting started, the fun began. Some were jolly, some perplexed, and one almost looked scared.

The dignified Dean swung around pouring water and serving plates as if she had never classified pupils or heard girls try to repeat poetry.

One music teacher could balance the waiter with three fingers, and you could easily imagine her shouting orders to the kitchen.

The Director of Music did so well that she was the recipient of a tip, something that was coveted by the giver, for it was the last on the dish—an olive. The lively Director not wishing to keep so large an offering returned as change—the seed.

The treat these deservers received from the pantry must have been unusual from the amount of evident enjoyment which they displayed. This created some surprise, for just a few suspected that some one had been bold enough to waylay the Matron and take the keys.

A Prize Translation from Horace

By chance, I went to Sacrus one day
Thinking, as I walked along my way
Of some foolish truck, I know not what,
When some pesky fellow up to me did strut.
This old guy I only knew by name,
But well he seemed to know me all the same.
Right eagerly this fellow grabbed my paw,
And talked until he made me raw.
“Well, old sport, how are you?” he said,
I thought he surely must be out of his head.
“Oh, quite, quite well, as the times go.”
“I am a learned man, and you should know
Me,” he answered. In agony I tried
To shake him, but in vain I sighed and sighed.
Ne’er in my life have I been quite so bored.
The perspiration to my ankles poured.
He praised both town and city as he talked,
And all the time with all my might I walked.
“Wretchedly, you wish to go away.

I do nothing, so with you I’ll stay.”
“But I must far across the Tiber go,
A fellow lives there whom you do not know.”
Heavens! Listen what the man did say.
“I’m not a lazy man; I have today
No work that I should do, so I’ll be glad
To go.” Oh! never have I been so mad.
“Who can write more pleasing verse than I?”
And since to this I deigned not to reply
He kept on: “Or who, pray tell, can dance
More gracefully.” But here I saw a chance
To interrupt him, so I quickly said,
“Have you no relatives?” “No, they’re dead.”
I thought, “indeed they are most fortunate”
And I alone remain. My fate
Will be as I, when quite a boy, did learn
From Sabella’s true prophetic urn:
“You’ll not die of poison, gout or sword;
But death will come because of being bored.”

M. K., '12.



Jokes

Miss Jennings in arranging the training table was surrounded by a number of girls, each eager to know where she should sit. A tall, light-haired girl, known by her friends as "Squirt," said: "Dearest, may I sit on your right hand?"

Miss Jennings, sweetly—"No, darling, I have to eat with that one."

Miss Hofer, in physics—"Miss Terry, that isn't enough, you must explain it more fuller."

Miss Pittman, in English II—"Miss Nichols, is that a sentimental poem?"

Miss Nichols—"I don't know what sentimental means."

Ruth Anderson to Miss Jackson—"Was Moses a minister?"

Miss J. in English I. (when there were visitors)—"Miss Witt, name Cooper's greatest novel."

Marie—"Ivanhoe."

Lena—"I am wild to see the 'Lion and the Mouse.'"
Bertha—"Is that an animal show?"

Dr. McLean, in German—"Miss Toney, what is an idiom?"

Miss Toney—"I don't know, Dr. McLean, unless it means something like idiot."

Anna Dinsmore (to Mary just after examination on Browning)—"Mary, please tell me whether this quotation comes from Browning or the Bible: 'The hand that stirs the batter rules the world.'"

Miss Moore (giving directions for extinguishing a fire)—"Just keep your head cool and put a fire extinguisher on it."

Anna Dinsmore (to a Junior)—"I believe I will invite my friend, who is an architecture."

Miss J. (in English)—"Mark Twain was the greatest American alive, until he died."

Miss Moore (at the opening of school)—"How many girls have not received their trunks?"

Anna (waving her hand frantically in the air)—"Mine hasn't come yet, but it has not been sent from home."

Mary Persinger (in geology)—"In the quarternary period there were horses, cows and all that kind of swine."

Hattie Berry—"I wish they would cook cold pie instead of hot."

Anna—"We are going to begin Maria Stuart tomorrow."

Mary P.—"Oh, no, Dr. McLean said we would read Schiller."

Annie Nance (to Sallie)—"Do tell me, Sallie; did Macbeth write Hamlet?"

Lena Terry (to room-mates)—"Oh, girls, do look, I have the nicest box of sterilized fruit."

Birdie Word (to Miss Jackson)—“No, ma’am, you can’t get your clothes now, they are being funeralized.”

Annie (the housemaid)—“And ye say she’s goner get married. Law, child, I was in that personification once.”

Miss Moore—“Mary Key, what is a bract?”

Mary Key—“A bract is one of the two outsides of a flower.”

Miss Jennings—“Really, I don’t like Mr. ———; he calls me ‘chicken.’”

Miss Jackson—“Miss Spaulding, didn’t you graduate about ten years ago?”

Miss Spaulding—“No, not that long; it was in 1901.”

Ina (to Miss Moore)—“Miss Moore, the ‘Tuanna Peena’ is at the door.”

On the evening of the Junior reception, April 4, the Seniors were all worried for fear of being killed, as the Juniors ordered one dollar’s worth of paprika for the punch.

Miss Pittman—“What is the Cytherean zone?”

Mary Whitman—“A ladies’ belt.”

Clarice Burton—“Are you reading or studying German grammar, now?”

Sarah Rives—“No, we are studying literature.”

Maye Johns—“We are not, Sarah, we are in William Tell.

Miss Pittman sends the following telegram to Miss Moore: “New girl arrived. More by mail.”

Annie Buchanan—“Mary P. wouldn’t be still to have her hair chopped.

Mary Key—“You mean cropped, don’t you?”

Bess Levie—Miss Moore is in Washington, D. C., and Mr. Taft is going to give a Ball for them all.

Dr. McLean asked a member of the Methodist Aid Society: “What kind of salad are you to have today?”

A Member—“We serve chicken salad today.”

Dr. McLean—“Is it made out of chickens?”

In the History of Art Class—Rebecca Chandler was looking at the Madonna. She remarked, “Oh, isn’t that cute.”

Ethel Strong—“The reveries of the stage and heaven worry me.”

Marie Toney—“You need not worry, you’ll never come in contact with either.

Mary Key—“I wonder where ‘Moreover’ is?”

Clarice Burton—“Where did you get the name, Moreover for that white dog?”

Mary Key—“Out of the Bible.”

Clarice Burton—“Out of the Bible? Where did you find that in the Bible?”

Mary Key—“Don’t you remember that passage in the Bible where it says Lazarus has sores, and Moreover, the dog, licked them!”

Miss Jennings (talking over the ’phone while Miss Smith played “Yankee Doodle”)—“Just wait a minute, Miss Smith is playing ‘Dixie.’”

Things That Surprise Us

Mattie Mae Pearson hummed a tune—— and at the wrong time.

Hot water at Brown Hall.

Annie Hinds received a demerit for talking.

Marie Toney knew her physics lesson.

Mary Key gave a recital.

Sallie McCaleb studied her geometry.

Dr. McLean spoke kindly to a "Sub."

Kathouise Walston "cut" German.

Miss McCandless failed to practice one morning before breakfast.

Ice cream on Monday.

No Faculty meeting on Monday night.

Louise McCarty went to church.

Miss Harding wore a low collar.

Potatoe pie was cold for dessert.

Emma Sue failed to attend church one Sunday night.

Leah Lyle became enthusiastic.

Mary and Anna didn't eat any chicken for dinner.

Pearle Marlowe laughed.

Miss Williams arrived at Faculty meeting on time.

A rainy day and no soup for dinner.

A Senior was seen without an English novel with her.

Lena Marlowe didn't "smash" while practicing.

Miss Spaulding got to breakfast on time.

Lillian Shelby danced a jig.

Anna Dinsmore looked sad.

Sadie, Mary and Anna didn't go to Chandlers when "up town."

"Mary P." came to breakfast with her hair half combed.

Miss Jackson said "good-night" to Clarice Burton.

Things We Are Not Surprised At

Dr. McLean asleep on duty.

English I class receiving a scolding.

The Seniors trying to be original.

Miss Williams spending the night on her trunk.

Miss Conley following Miss Jennings.

Mootie Lu reciting all the lesson.

Rebecca Eubank telling all she knows.

Ethel Strong called to the office.

Miss Pittman's table having a feast.

Sallie McCaleb making a noise.

The "Buck" twins giving Mootie Lu her morning lecture.

Agnes Mann lending her clothes.

Joe Willis feeding the teachers.

Freshmen loving the Juniors (?).

Methyle Jordan practicing the Operetta.

Olive Echols praising herself.

Ruby Van Hooser bragging.

Tables changing every week.

Miss Smith's table going to town.

Birdie Word receiving compliments.

The Secret Panel

1863—1912



EAR, you had better hurry, that silverware and those valuables must be saved if possible; and the Yankees are almost here. Jim is waiting to assist you," said an elderly man, gently, to his wife.

Madame Childs, the President of Athens College, had offered to share with these old people the secret panel in the college, where all things of vital importance and extreme value, could be hidden from these oncoming invaders.

Studies had been almost impossible for several weeks, and today excitement reigned everywhere, because a message had been brought early that morning that the Yankees were coming from the North and West; also that the Southern troops were making their way northward in great companies to keep the Federals out of Alabama.

Every girl, teacher, and special town friend felt safe as to the security of their valuables, but not so certain as to the safety of their lives.

Before noon the Federal forces entered the town. Madame Childs was captured and taken to Nashville for trial, leaving Miss Mal Hemmerly in charge of the frightened girls.

The two regiments had arrived from the North and West and were ravaging the town. Many places could be seen in flames.

Miss Hammerly and the girls had congregated in the library, when a loud shot was heard. Throwing open a shutter to see what the disturbance could be, her eyes beheld a campus full of "Blue coats" marching straight toward the college. Before she could give any instructions to the girls, the doors had been broken open, and clearly was the order given, forward! Turning to a company of soldiers, the captain gave the stern command to search the house carefully. Now facing the frightened group of women and girls, he bade them remain perfectly silent or beware of consequences.

Before they had completed their search, a shot was fired across town, and all the soldiers were summoned to quarters at once. This was the signal that the Confederates had arrived. Quickly they left the college, having met with practically no success.

The old negro driver was the only servant left on the place, and was also the only man to defend the college. In an upper room all were collected. From here they watched the cruel battle; many times balls were sent into the campus, tearing up the ground. The girls had watched all night, and still sleep was impossible. After the battle had been fought and things seemed as though they were on the verge of settling down, Miss Hammerly caught sight of men coming into the campus. In a short time the porches were filled with suffering men

of both Blue and Gray. This was not all. Above the heart-rending groans of the wounded another command to search the building was heard. Everything was moved and examined; in the library, parts of the floor had been raised, and men had gotten underneath to search, but with no success. At the same time the stern general had been knocking on the walls with the butt of his gun. Suddenly the panel flew open, and with cries of delight from his followers, and amid wails of sorrow and fright from the girls, the general mounted the ladder inside the wall and began the ascent to the precious stores. In the mad rush to the scene of interest, one girl took advantage of her nearness to the panel, slammed it violently, and shut in forever, the general.

IN 1912, ON AN APRIL NIGHT.

"Won't Miss Pittman ever leave those stairs, she's been sitting there half an hour," said a voice in an undertone, "and we must get to that ghost walk."

"Yes, and a moonlight walk on the roof at twelve is not an ordinary occasion, and we must go."

"Ghosts, dead or alive, I've got to get out from under this bench."

"Hush your foolishness," said a disappointed would be merrymaker, and let's think of a plan."

There was a deathlike pause as Miss Pittman walked the length of the hall and back and resumed her seat on the stairs.

"Hurrah!" the leader added triumphantly after much deliberation, "for the inventor of fire escapes. It saves our lives here in this case; don't ask any questions, but follow me. Now easy; quit your talking, Esther; and, Mildred, don't kick out the window as you come through."

In five minutes this nervous group was assembled with the others ready to proceed with the evening's program.

The town clock struck twelve, when the members of the ghost walk began their work. Each girl was provided with two pieces of silver, a large quantity of twine, some rosin, a few tin cans and many minor things.

The first feature of the entertainment was the promenade over the tin roof, singing weird songs in high-pitched voices.

Silverware was tied to the string, also a rock, a foot above the silver. This was lowered to a level with the window. The string swinging slightly made the silver tap the window, and then the rosin was rubbed on the string, making a very uncanny noise.

The girls on the roof did not bother themselves about the distress that this might be causing to the inmates of that room below. More than one window was visited in this manner, and one by one the many pranks were played to frighten people.

Ghost stories are always included in the latter part of the program of a ghost walk. Seated in a circle they began this frightening ordeal, each girl taking her turn at a tale. When the last had finished, they were one

and all "most afraid of their shadows," dim as they were, and it was exactly one o'clock.

Annie "Buck" broke the silence: "Now is the time to do something rash; can't we do something?"

"There's a chimney we might tear down," suggested Lillian Shelby.

"Come, some one, and help; let's take this tin 'doo dolly' off this chimney and see if we can see the fire in the furnace," said Mary P.

After much hard work and a great deal more of fun, the covering was pushed aside. As Mary P. leaned over the opening, a shrill scream penetraed the calm night, for instead of the fire, what did this poor girl see but a skeleton—a real complete skeleton.

"It shall be mine," said Esther, pushing someone away so that she could get another real good view.

"If you take it, Miss Moore will certainly find out where it came from, and we will all lose our privileges. Please don't. But then you can't, you have nothing with which to get it," said a Senior, already picturing herself sitting with Sadie in Study Hall.

"Privileges or no privileges, that skeleton is to be mine, I say; I'll make a way to get it."

"Get the old skeleton, and I hope Miss Pittman will let you eat some of that phosphorus next time you ask for some. I'm gone; I don't want to see that thing," added Pearle Marlowe, leaving in haste.

"Please give us the cord from off your robe before you go." One by one the girls loosed the cords from their robes and tied them to the rope that was being made to let down in this unheard of opening in the top of the house. When the twenty cords had been tied together, a fork was bent and tied with a great deal of security to serve as a hook for fishing out this beloved treasure.

"Don't you know that no one can fish and catch anything when so many are around in the way; now give me room."

As the hook was raised, they were all startled by a loud crash. Pulling up the hook only a piece of cloth was hung on the fork.

After nearly half an hour of great suspense and hard work, they were ready to give it up and not disturb further the bones of whom no one knew.

"Give me my time again," broke in Maggie, and Vong Tsung together. Round and round the hook went, but it wouldn't catch.

"It's hopeless, I——"

That sentence was not finished, for the fork had fastened itself firmly in the skull.

"Here it comes, girls." Now let the band play, "How Did It Happen." But, oh, there went the skeleton.

"Bring up the skull, I say, its mine," demanded Esther.

Who would have guessed that the skull on a certain mantel in Brown Hall was gotten in this way?
Who's can it be?

Monologues

Given by Faculty Members to Members of the Oracle Board

Miss Smith: "Elizabeth, may I see you a minute? Listen, dear, somebody has told me that you girls are getting jokes for the Oracle. I think enough has been said about Mr. Richardson and me. You know that's old, and you want new ideas for the Oracle. Elizabeth, you know you're my friend; so don't say anything about it. Please, dear."

Miss Moore: "Kathouise, will you come to the office a minute? In getting up the jokes for the Oracle I don't believe I would say anything about my riding in the Ferris wheel that day at the Fair. I don't think it would add anything to the dignity of your book, so I'd just leave that out."

Mrs. Vandiver: "Marie, when you are getting up jokes for the Oracle there is no use in mentioning how I patched the table cloths. And don't say anything about how proud I am of my daughter, Josephine, and Brother Norton's son."

Dr. McLean: "Miss Marlowe, I'd like to speak to you for one minute. I understand you are collecting jokes for your college publications. You will oblige me greatly by leaving that out about me throwing that cracked tumbler on the floor in the dining room."

Miss Hoefer: "Annie, don't say anything in the Oracle about me going to the dressmaker to try on Miss Moore's dresses for her. You know I really do look like her, and I am glad to do it for her, but there's not any use in saying anything about it. Miss Moore might not like it. Please leave it off, won't you?"

Miss Jennings: "Marie, come here a minute. I want to see you. When you girls get up the jokes for the Oracle, I'll do you one perfectly nice favor if you will not say anything about Mr. Eubank. There is not any use in mentioning his name. I don't believe if I were you that I would say any more about 'Squitter.' So much has already been said about that. And Marie, please don't let that get out about those notes you found in the hall. I wouldn't have you mention that for anything. And Marie, don't say anything about the night of April 4. Now Marie, I mean what I say, do you understand?"

Miss Conley: "Say, Mary, you know how fond I am of auto rides, but please don't say anything about it in the Oracle. And Mary, I wouldn't have you, for anything, say anything about what happened at the Junior reception. You know what I mean. And please don't say anything about Mr. Howard or Mr. McCall."

Miss Fleming: "Annie, please don't say anything in the Oracle about all that punch and all those cherries I let Mr. Wiggins have the night the Alabama Glee Club was here. And Annie, please don't mention my ring and all the china painting I have done this year. There really is nothing to it, so there is no use in saying anything about it."

Miss Louise: "Listen here, Nell; don't let the girls knock me in the Oracle about getting flowers from Bessemer so often, and don't pay any attention about what those Bessemer girls tell you about that. And Nell, I just know they are going to say something about my being sick every Sunday. Oh! I just know they will knock me good. Please don't let them. Hear?"

Miss Harding: "Kathouse, you know when my grandfather came to see me he said something about a Methodist preacher. He didn't mean that, though, so don't let anything like that go in the Oracle, please."

Miss Branscomb: "Ruth, don't say anything in the Oracle about my staying all night with Miss Pittman

so much. I don't stay much. I just go sometimes when it rains, and sometimes when the wind blows, because I'm afraid to stay by myself, and I go on Saturday night because she reads the Sunday School lesson to me."

Miss Sawyer: "Marie, don't say anything about Miss Fleming and me casing. You know I don't case, and I never could stand anything like that. Please don't say anything about it."

Miss Jackson: "Annie, when you are working up the Oracle don't say anything about my failing to call on Winnie Smith for a piano solo in the chapel one afternoon."

Miss Williams: "Eunice, don't say anything in the Oracle about the way I get out of Faculty meetings by firing the kiln. Miss Moore would be sure to find it out. I would appreciate it if you would leave it out."

Ancient History



IN the fourth year of the reign of the good Queen Mary, my father, desiring that I should get unto myself more wisdom, hath commanded me to betake myself to a foreign land, which abounded in learning. He had read much concerning this land¹, and in the fall of the fourth year I bade farewell to my native land and set out. I carried with me some provisions and several changes of raiment.²

Arriving in this land a little before sunset I found myself in a great crowd, seemingly there for the same purpose. I was soon conducted to a large hall in which were placed many tables set with a pleasant repast, consisting of what I later came to know was called hash, grits and rolls.³

I had not been in this intellectual place long before I was nearly overcome by some illness which seemed to be peculiar to that country. I noticed many others who appeared to be affected in the same way. The first symptom of said disease was a great lump in the throat, which would neither come up or go down. Immense tears would come to my eyes, and oftentimes flow down my cheeks. Another symptom was a continual longing to return to my native country. This disease annoyed me for more than a fortnight.

On the second day after my arrival, the good Queen sent one of the Counsellors to bid me come before Her Majesty. She was seated before a large desk in a room known as the Office. Having told her what I had learned at the places of learning that I had frequented in my native land, I was sent into the presence of a stern lady, known as the Prime Minister, by others called the Dean. This lady, having drawn up some documents and filed them, informed me that I would be a "Freshman."⁴

After a few weeks I found myself settled down to work, but I also spent a great deal of time at play. I learned to play a new game, which was called "basketball."⁵

During this year such books as Genung's Rhetoric, German Primer, Virgil and Geometry were given to me to toil over. One great terror I came in contact with three times every week was a large blue book, named "Physics."

Four times during the year we were troubled by a great plague⁶, which I learned, from the Councillors and fellow students who were more experienced than I, to be the worst thing that could overtake anyone. This plague had no effect on those students who had toiled incessantly on their lessons and various tasks. Those who had not put forth much effort were sorely afflicted, and some were so affected that they had to be renamed, and were thereafter called "Subs."⁷ An enormous lump came to the throat, a terrible blankness, a sickly, dizzy feeling; my hands trembled, my knees knocked together, and every moment I felt that I would be overcome.

¹ Known from a well worn Athens College catalogue.

² Evidence gathered from examining laundry lists.

³ A kind of bread eaten with butter.

⁴ One of the four great classes of the College.

⁵ Played by tossing a great ball into a basket nailed to a pole.

⁶ Come, in later years, to be called exams.

⁷ A class lower than the Freshman class.

After having withstood this terrible plague four times I was told by the Prime Minister that I might be promoted to the rank of Sophomore.

In the spring a great number assembled from manylands⁸, and after much counseling and deliberating I was permitted to return to my native land for a space of three months.

After three months I collected a box of provisions, and with some few changes of raiment I returned to the place of learning to resume my work. I was again afflicted by that terrible disease of homesickness, but I soon recovered, and the year passed very much in the sameway as the first year did.

Toward the middle of the year I felt a sudden and great infatuation for a girl in a higher class. I was constantly wishing I could see her, and when I was with her I felt an inclination to run away and betake myself behind a post, a tree, anything, so that I might peep at her.

The same plague that I was seriously afflicted with in my Freshman year⁹, almost overcame me in my Sophomore year, but after many fears and hardships I entered that great class called "Juniors."

During this year I was compelled to keep in the straight and narrow path, for by doing this I was permitted to wander at will through the streets, unaccompanied by the Councillors who had, during the two former years, accompanied me wherever I had desired to go.

At last the Junior year safely passed, and I was admitted into that august body—Seniors. I was again presented with that badge of great honor called "Privileges." This was a year of many trials and tribulations, but at last every hardship of school life ended, I returned to my native land with a large piece of sheepskin¹⁰, declaring me to be a graduate of Athens College.

M. K., '12.

⁸ Called "Commencement."

⁹ See note above.

¹⁰ Called "Diploma."

What's in a Name

Igou to Eu(r)banks of the Jordan to get the Berries.

Shelby Matthews found ripe Simmons on the Hill.

A Cool(ey) Word Burns Moore than Tur(pe)n-tine by Farr.

Nancy Kennedy And(h)er-son are Strong as the Waters from the High-tower.

Our teachers, Pittman and McLean, Pet(t)us.

John Johnson will Ware Henry Smith's Wiggs.

That Bagley Guy is a Mann of Witt.

Terry McCary wears Lowe Price Cotten Lyle.

Henry Herndon has more Pride than Levy Floyd.

Richard and May were sitting on William Burton's Davenport spooning. "Flemmie, dear," came along and Sung, "I Saw yer."

Bulletin-Board Notes

LOST—Strayed or stolen, most probably stolen, three perfectly good privileges. Misses Key, Sturdivant and Dinsmore.

LOST—Two appetites. Finder please return to Misses Dinsmore and Key and receive reward.

FOUND—One collapsible drinking cup. Owner apply to the office and receive same.

NOTICE—All students are hereby ordered to attend Barnum's and Bailey's great show tonight. Come dressed in uniform suit and regulation collar and tie.

NOTICE—We will walk this morning; bring coats, sweaters, jackets, umbrellas, parasols, gloves, rubbers and overshoes.—Miss Jennings.

NOTICE—Locket and chain found. Come to office and identify.—Mary N. Moore.

My Junior Bible class will please memorize "The Sermon on the Mount" for tomorrow.—Mary Norman Moore.

Mr. Moore will take group pictures today.

NOTICE—Call for regulation collar and tie at office.

NOTICE—Examination schedule will appear tomorrow.

NOTICE—No more picture shows until further notice.

Faculty meeting at 8:00 Monday night.

Xmas Holidays begin not sooner than 18th, not later than 19th.

The Seniors are hereby ordered to appear in the Faculty parlor at 8:30 p.m. Come dressed in white, provided with a bottle of ammonia and camphor.

By order of P. K. A.

Students must not sit on the ground.

The Oracle will sell cream after school.

Orchestra will practice this evening at 2:45 p.m.

Y. W. C. A. will sell pink peach cream.

Harmony tablets must be handed to me at once.—Miss McCandless.

NOTICE—Pictures have not come.

Study Hall Directory

	First Period	Second Period	Third Period	Fourth Period
Mootie Lu Buchanan.....	Miss Fleming's room	Miss Fleming's room	Bed	Practicing No. 1
Lena Terry.....	Embroidering	Embroidering	Sleeping	Hunting a tub
Birdie Word	Before her mirror.	Before her mirror	Before her mirror	Before her mirror
Anna Dinsmore	Writing letters	Rubbing her arm	Rubbing her arm	Mary P.'s room
M. Jordan	Outside of Miss Louise's door	Outside of Miss Louise's door.	Singing	Drawing for Oracle
H. McCary	Studying Bible	Practicing Ragtime	Practicing No. 5	In the dining room
Irene Lowe	Eating	Hiding under her bed	Sleeping	Practicing No. 5
M. Griffith	In the pantry	Writing notes	Practicing No. 18	Collecting for Y. W. C. A.
S. McCaleb	Playing rook	Bed	Writing notes	Mary's room
Agnes Mann	"Flying"	"Flying"	Visiting—Topic, "Hal"	Continued topics—Miss Jennings
Etta Moore	Practicing No. 10	Practicing No. 23	Practicing No. 5	Practicing No. 7
Abbie Wiggs	Combing her hair	Chewing gum	Outside of Miss Sawyer's room	Miss Sawyer's room
Annie Hinds	Talking	Talking	Talking	Talking
Josie Thomas	Sleeping	Sleeping	Singing	Writing notes
Lois Kennedy	Playing Rook	Writing notes	Writing notes	Writing notes
Ruby VanHooser.....	Sleeping	Sleeping	Sleeping	Sleeping
Bess Levie	Visiting	Visiting	Visiting	Visiting
Mary Spencer	Talking	Writing notes	Talking	Writing notes
Stella Cospier	Studying	Studying	Studying	Studying
Emma Sue Morris.....	Skipping Study Hall	Skipping Study Hall	Sleeping	Sleeping
Annie Lou Richards.....	Cleaning her room	Chewing gum	Cleaning room	Calmly sleeping
Marie Toney	Studying	Studying	Studying	Studying
Lola Guy and Louise Lawler	Taking dancing lessons	Taking dancing lessons	Taking dancing lessons	Taking dancing lessons
Lucretia Henry	Eating	Eating	Eating	Eating

Will of the College Ghost

STATE OF ALABAMA,
LIMESTONE COUNTY, Feb. 30, 1912.

I, the College Ghost, residing in the unthought of places of Athens College, town of Athens, County of Limestone, State of Alabama, having seen all things, knowing the needs and desires of all, hereby give, devise and bequeath on this the 30th day of February, 1912, the following, to wit:

To Junior class of Athens College, the northwest $\frac{1}{2}$ of southwest $\frac{1}{2}$ of campus.

To Nell Hatchett, Miss Louise Moore's smiles.

To class '14, their choice of rooms in Brown Hall.

To Mrs. Vandiver, any china or silver left in rooms after departure.

To Mrs. Murrain, clothes which may be left in laundry room.

To Cassie Belle Robinson, a box of love.

To Addie Striplin, all hair rats.

To Ruth Anderson and Elizabeth Pride, a room full of sunshine.

To Miss Jackson, three curling tongs.

To Pearl Marlowe, Dr. McLean's monastic rules.

To class '13, caps and gowns and all dignity with which to maintain them.

To Miss Harding, the hen nests found in chapel.

To Dr. McLean, one summer hat.

To Edith Archibald, false puffs.

To Kathouise, a photographer's outfit.

To Mary Key, all surplus dignity found in Athens College.

To M. Davenport, E. Pride, R. Anderson, all missing links.

To Esther Barrett, all phosphorus left in laboratory for eating purposes.

To "Squirt," a member of the Faculty.

To Birdie Word, the use of all mirrors on her hall.

To Inez Johnson, a biscuit.

To Olive Echols, a "moderated" voice.

To Abbie Wiggs, a comb and brush.

To Miss Smith, "rosin'" for her bow.

To Mildred Sherrod, all chocolate candy.

To Miss Pittman, pimento sandwiches.

To Margaret Waters, a copy of the "Operetta."

To Methyle Jordan, the desire for a good voice.

To Clarice Burton, a bunch of bananas.

To Etta Moore, quiet disposition.

To Nell Rogers, some curls.

To Miss Moore, a sanitary drinking cup.

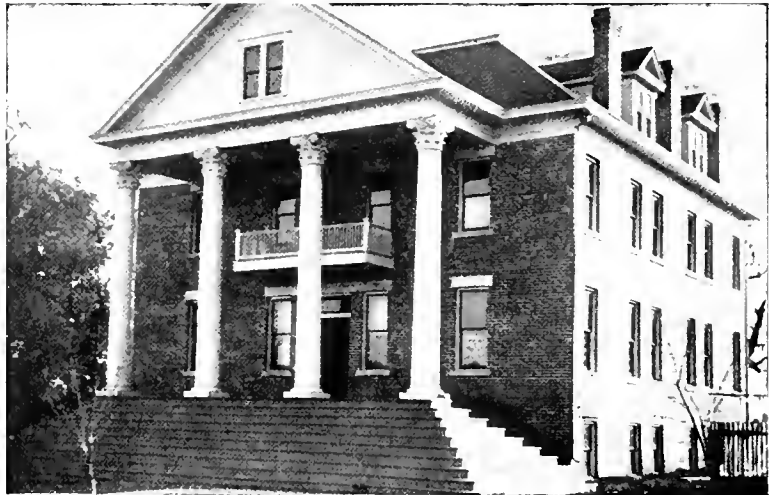
I hereby constitute and appoint the four huge columns, without bond, to be the sole executor of this, my last will and testament.

Witness my hand and seal, this thirtieth day of February, nineteen hundred and twelve.

ATHENS COLLEGE GHOST.

WITNESS: One dominecker chicken residing in the southeast corner of the chapel in the west division of the college.

**Florence Brown
Memorial
Hall**



**West View
of Main Building**



South Campus



North Wing

Athens

'Twas the third week in September,
And that time I well remember,
For 'twas then to Athens College I did come.
It was early in the morning,
And I really think 'twas storming
On the morning that I came to Athens town.

Many weeks have now transpired,
Since the morning that I wired,
Telling mother that I'd got here safe and sound.
And the girls that I could see
(Were not many, only three,)
Were as nice as any girls that could be found.

When anyone says "French!"
It is difficult to quench
The fire that is kindled in my breast,
For "La Chute" is finished now,
And I never more shall vow
That of all my studies I liked French the best.

"German, too?" Yes, that sounds well,
For we finished "William Tell,"
And we learned to conjugate a verb or two,
But now these things are o'er,
And we're going home once more,
And it really makes me very, very blue.

We had entertainments, too.
Oh, yes, we had quite a few
Entertainments very good (and very bad),
Lecture course and Operetta,
And some other ones still better,
But the Tackey Party was the best we had.

Last of May is drawing near.
And we all are glad, I fear,
Though we really should feel sad to have to leave;
But we really have to go
And I think (I almost know),
That down in their hearts the girls will surely grieve.

So after we are gone,
(Poor old Athens; how forlorn
She will look without us girls to make her gay).
We all will give a cheer,
Going home to loved ones, dear,
And think of coming back some future day.

JORDAN, '12.

Apply—

To E. Pride and R. Anderson for directions for keeping a clean room.

To Hallye McCary for the latest manner of dressing the hair.

To Miss Jennings for the latest "sayings."

To Miss Jackson for "acute" hearing.

To Lena Terry for a uniform coat.

To A. Dinsmore for private lessons in walking.

To Dr. McLean for lessons in voice culture.

To Miss Smith for ways and means of keeping an orderly hall.

To E. Pride and Sallie McCaleb for storm protectors.

To Marie Toney for all late novels.

To Freshmen class for stunts.

To Juniors for good behavior.

To Agnes Mann for lessons in dancing.

To Leah Lyle for lessons in successful primping.

To M. L. Buchanan for knowledge.

To Annie Nance for live conceit in any quantity.

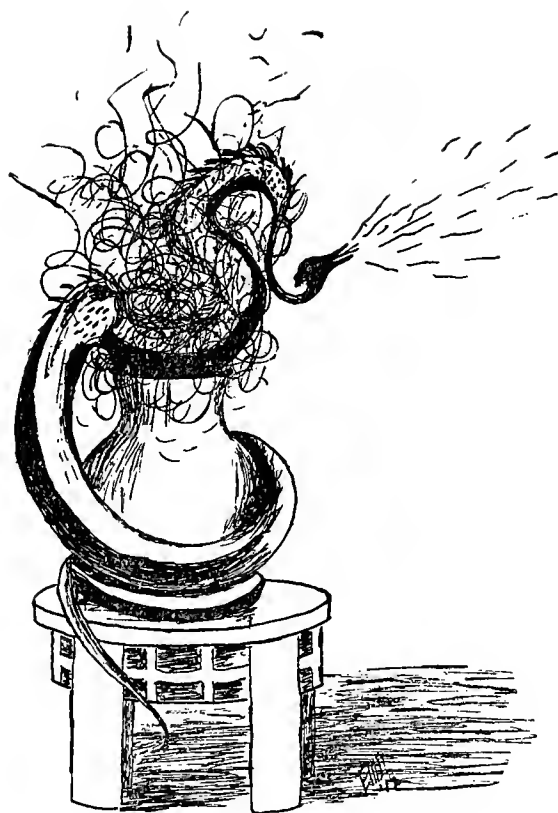
To Besse Jones for curls in the new (?) style.

To Carrie Berry for importance (?).

To Miss Smith for a smile, any size.

To Seniors for spring hats.

To Ruth Anderson and Elizabeth Pride, room 18, for "sunshine."



CLUBS

L. B. A.

Established 1904

COLORS—Green and White.

FLOWER—Rose.

MOTTO—"Aim high, if you hit the bottom."

Members

MARY BAGLEY	Republic, Ala.	RUTH BURNS	Gadsden, Ala.
ANNIE BUCHANAN	Riverton, Ala.	ANNA DINSMORE	Falkville, Ala.
LIZZIE BUCHANAN	Riverton, Ala.	MAMIE GATLIN	Bethel, Tenn.
MOOTIE LU BUCHANAN	Riverton, Ala.	MAGGIE GRIFFITH	Hoke's Bluff, Ala.
MARY PERSINGER	Birmingham, Ala.		
CASSIE BELLE ROBINSON	Decatur, Ala.		
LULA MAE SHIRLEY	Gordo, Ala.		
SADIE STURDIVANT	Bessemer, Ala.		



D. K. P.

Established 1905

COLORS—Green and Gold.

MOTTO—"Tell the truth, but don't make a habit of it."

FLOWER—Jonquil.

Members

RUTH ANDERSON	Carbon Hill, Ala.	MAUD WISE KENNEDY	Clarksdale, Miss.
MAYE JOHNS	Crosset, Ark.	HALLIE McCARY	Huntsville, Ala.
LOIS KENNEDY	Clarksdale, Miss.	ELIZABETH PRIDE	Cherokee, Ala.
RUBY VANHOOSER		Gainesville, Fla.	
HARRIET ZURMEHL		Decatur, Ala.	
MILDRED SHERROD		Tuscumbia, Ala.	



K. O. S.

Established 1907

COLORS—Gold and Black.

FLOWER—Narcissus.

MOTTO—"Ser y no parecer."

Members

ESTHER BARRETT	Bessemer, Ala.
LOUISE BEASLEY	Aspen Hill, Tenn.
MARIA DAVENPORT	Valley Head, Ala.
FLORENCE HENDERSON	Elkton, Tenn.
LUCRETIA HENRY	Bonne Terre, Mo.
MARY KEY	Russellville, Ala.
IRENE LOWE	Hazel Green, Ala.
BERTHA MAY	Gadsden, Ala.
JOSIE MCCALED	Deposit, Ala.
SALLIE MCCALED	Deposit, Ala.
ANNIE NANCE	Gurley, Ala.
WINNIE SMITH	Guntersville, Ala.
LENA TERRY	Bessemer, Ala.
KATHOUSE WALSTON	Birmingham, Ala.
MARY WHITMAN	Boaz, Ala.





MOTTO—Be good, but if you can't be good, be careful.

FLOWER—Violet.

BESSIE LEVIE
RUTH JACOBS

ENNIS MATHEWS
MERLE BATSON

LOUISE McCARTY
BESSIE WALDROP

FLORENCE HILL
LEAH LYLE

FANNIE MAE BYARS
MARIE TONEY



Jolly Bachelors

"BOB" BARRETT	Civil Engineer	"PILL" DINSMORE	Doctor.
"MUTT" BEASLEY	Drummer.	"BEN" KENNEDY	Lawyer.
"JOE" BURNS	Judge	"HAL" McCARY	Sport
"MIKE" DAVENPORT	Baseball Shark	"ZERE" STURDIVANT	Preacher



Les Petites Enfants

ESTHER BARRETT

BESSIE LEVIE

MATTIE MAE PEARSON

ZELLA McWHORTER

NELLE COTTEN

SARAH RIVES

BERTHA SANDERSON

RUBY VANHOOSER

ETHEL MAE HIGHTOWER

REBECCA CHANDLER

LOUISE BEASLEY

MARJORIE MCCOY

JOSIE McCALEB

DONIE WARE

LIZZIE BUCHANAN

RUTH BURNS

CASSIE BELLE ROBINSON

ELIZABETH SIMMONS



A. R. T.



Flower—Chrysanthemum.

Fair Japonica

Motto—"Sit on the Floor."

Names	Saying
ELIZABETH PRIDE	"The Idea."
MARY BAGLEY	"Oh! My!"
GLADYS PHILLIPS	"Oh, look here now!"
NETTIE BAGLEY	"How nice."
MARY RUTH VANDIVER	"You did, did you."
RUTH ANDERSON	"I'll ask Elizabeth."
REBECCA EUBANK	"Golly, Miss Agnes."
ETTA MOORE	"Let's do."
MARIE TONEY	"Have you seen her?"

OCCUPATIONS.

ELIZABETH	"Suggesting."
RUTH	"Being shy."
MARY RUTH	"Loving."
MARY	"Being good."
NETTIE	"Looking Pretty."
REBECCA	"Holding hands."
GLADYS	"Flirting."
ETTA	"Admiring herself."
MARIE	"Reading novels."



Doo Dollies

MOTTO—Give me a good time, or give me death.

"ES" BARRETT
"BESS" LEVIE
LENA TERRY
"JO" McCALEB

"LIZA" BEASLEY
"RED" DINSMORE

"ANN" NANCE
MARY KEY
"ZEKE" STURDIVANT
SALLIE McCALEB



B. T. M.

FLOWER—Sweet William.

MASCOT—Cupid.

AIM—Get an M. R. S. Degree.

MOTTO—"Catch 'em if you can."

For further information, address—

MISS RUTH ANDERSON, Carbon Hill, Ala.
 MISS HALLEY McCAREY, Huntsville, Ala.
 MISS RUTH BURNS, Gadsden, Ala.
 MISS BERTHA MAY, Gadsden, Ala.
 MISS MARIA DAVENPORT, Valley Head, Ala.

MISS ELIZABETH PRIDE, Cherokee, Ala.
 MISS FLORENCE HILL, Decatur, Ala.
 MISS LENA TERRY, Bessemer, Ala.
 MISS MAYE JOHNS, Crossett, Ark.
 MISS LEAH LYLE, Decatur, Ala.



I. C. E.

LEAH LYLE

AGNES MANN

LOUISE BURNS
NEVA DICKEY

FLORENCE HILL
ABBIE WIGGS

GLADYS RENFRO

MAE JOHNS



N. O. T.



Skeeters

SADIE STURDIVANT
MAE JOHNS

LOUISE BURNS
INEZ COYLE

FLORENCE HILL
RUTH BURNS

LULA MAE SHIRLEY
LEAH LYLE

HALLIE MCCARY
MARY KEY

MISS MARY N. MOORE

JESSIE BRANSCOMB -----1909

MEMORY ALDRIDGE -----1911
 IDA DUKE -----1911
 ELODIA DIAZ -----1911
 HELEN HOWARD -----1911
 JOSEPHINE KEY -----1911
 ALMA LEETH -----1911
 RUBY SARGENT -----1911
 IRENE STOVALL -----1911



ANNIE BUCHANAN ---1912
 ANNA DINSMORE -----1912
 MAGGIE GRIFFITH -----1912
 MARY KEY -----1912
 PEARL MARLOWE -----1912
 EUNICE McDONNOLD ---1912
 MARY PERSINGER -----1912
 SADIE STURDIVANT ---1912
 KATHOUSE WALSTON---1912

SUSIE GLENN -----1910
 IRENE MERKEL -----1910
 BERNICE RODEN -----1910
 PEARLE SAWYER -----1910
 BETH TAYLOR -----1910
 MABEL WATERS -----1910
 OZIE YORK -----1910



M. M. M.

RUTH ANDERSON
LOUISE BURNS
MAYE JOHNS
LOIS KENNEDY

MAUD WISE KENNEDY
IRENE LOWE
ELIZABETH PRIDE
MILDRED SHERROD



Happy Half Dozen

SADIE STURDIVANT

ESTHER BARRETT

ANNA DINSMORE

MARY KEY

LOUISE BEASLEY

BESSIE LEVIE



Mufflers

COLOR—Lavender.

FLOWER—Violet.

MOTTO—"All that we ask is bows."

CARRY BERRY

METHYLE JORDAN

HATTIE BERRY

EUNICE McDONNALD

ELSIE CRAWFORD

ANNA LOU RICHARDS

ANNIE HINDS

PEARLE TABOR



Bowknots

PURPOSE—To cause a little excitement in this dull life of ours.

RENDEZVOUS—Any old place where we can pull off a stunt.

FAVORITE SONG—"It looks to me like a big night tonight."

HOBBIES.

LOUISE	Admiring Hal
RUTH B.	Looking pretty
HAL	Plotting against—
RUTH	Reforming
CLARICE	Fiddling
MAMIE	Making it
ELIZABETH	Seeking shelter

PET EXPRESSIONS.

LOUISE	"O Lord."
RUTH B.	"Gee, Buck."
HAL	"My soul today, and hit a raining."
RUTH A.	"I feel a delicacy in articulating."
CLARICE	"Kill it, don't let it suffer."
MAMIE	"It's essential."
ELIZABETH	"I say."



“Her Yankees”

MISS EDITH CONLEY

MISS EDITH HARDING

METHYLE JORDAN

MISS HAZEL JENNINGS

MISS MARY N. MOORE

DR. CHARLOTTE F. McLEAN

CLARICE BURTON

LURETIA HENRY

MISS CAROLYN HOEFER

MISS NELL SMITH



T. B.

DAILY OCCUPATION—Bowling.

PLACE OF MEETING—Anywhere (?).

ANNA DINSMORE
BESSIE LEVIE

ESTHER BARRETT
JOSIE MCALEB
MARY KEY

LOUISE BEASLEY
SADIE STURDIVANT



Headlights

COLOR—Turkey Red.

FLOWER—Poppy.

MOTTO—"To Outshine Everybody Else."

MEMBERS.

OLA COSPER	Napier, Tenn.
STELLA COSPER .	Napier, Tenn.
ANNA DINSMORE .	Falkville, Ala.
VIVIAN GUY . .	Euphronia, Ala.
MAUD WISE KENNEDY	Clarksdale, Ala.
MARY PERSINGER .	Birmingham, Ala.
LULA MAE SHIRLEY	Gordo, Ala.
WINNIE SMITH .	Gurley, Ala.

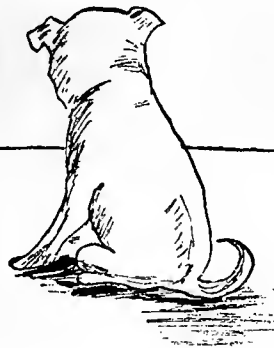


The Moving Finger writes, and having writ,
 Moves on: nor all thy Piety nor Wit
 Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
 Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.

RuBaiyat.



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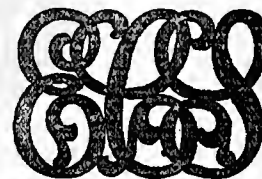
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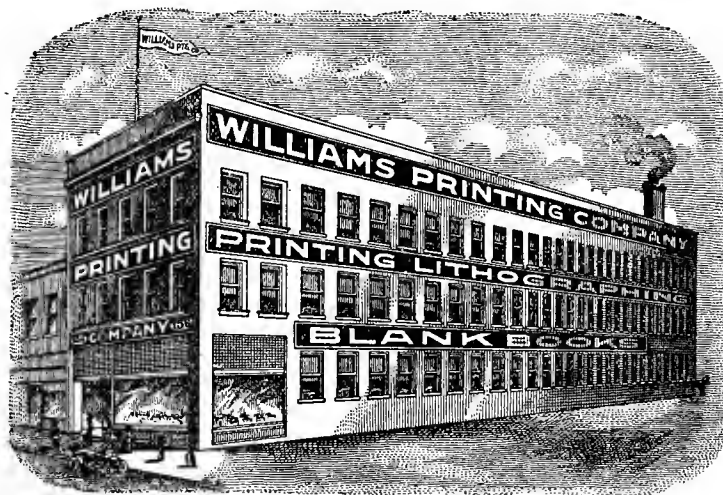
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Miss Fleming (in class) — Stepbrothers never agree; take for example Jacob and Esau.

Miss Pittman — Miss Jacobs, what is a Harpy?

Miss Jacobs.—A man who plays a harp.

Miss J.—Miss McWhorter, where is Naples?

Miss McWhorter.—Oh! they are sailors.

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J. M. McCaleb to M. Key.—Mary, who wrote Carlyle's Sartar Resartus?

Mary.—I don't know; I think Tennyson.

Miss Pittman (in English class)—Miss Beasley, where is the Island of Sicily?

Miss Beasley—I think it is somewhere in the ocean.



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